The Australian
# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Mother's Day

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10 MAY 1951
NEW SOUTH WALES

*The case nearly pulled his arm out of its socket. "It's full of books," the girl told George.*

# Carry your Case?

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

**by Ted Schurmann**

GEORGE first noticed the girl when he was still a chain away. She was struggling under the weight of a suitcase, attempting to carry it along the street. She went but a few yards, then stopped. When she did move again, the case was barely lifted from the ground.

George gladly would have helped any lady in distress. But this was not any lady, this was the lady. The one he knew lived in the block of flats a few doors up from his, the girl he'd admired from a distance for weeks, and wondered how he could possibly arrange an introduction to her. This, he realised in a flash, was a heaven-sent opportunity.

"Carry your case?" he asked, as he neared her.

The girl put down the case. "Oh, yes," she said, "thank you, if you would. But it's frightfully heavy."

He lifted the case and saw immediately what she meant. It nearly pulled his arm out of its socket.

"It's books," she explained.

He was glad when he reached her place. She opened the door and he carried in the case. He was pleased when she stopped at the first door she came to in the passage.

"Just put the case in here," she said, as she opened the door.

As he put down the case, he noticed the room was a bedroom.

"You must let me give you a cup of tea," she said then, "come into my sitting-room."

Her sitting-room was farther along the passage. He followed her in, and sat down on the couch.

"You get back your breath and I'll get the tea. Carrying that case must have knocked you out. You drink tea, don't you?"

"Yes," George said, and that one word took all the wind he could summon. The case had been very heavy.

She went into a little kitchen which joined her sitting-room. He heard her moving around, heard cups and saucers rattling. Gradually his breath came back to him.

Suddenly, he was on top of the world. He was in the girl's sitting-room, on her couch, while she was making him a cup of tea. A situation well worth the effort, no matter how heavy the case had been.

She brought in the tea on a tray, and there were little plates of biscuits and cakes.

"This looks all right," he said.

"You earned it. I'm so thankful that you came along. I don't think I'd have made it. Books are heavy things."

He asked her: "Something of a student, are you?"

"I—" She broke off as the sitting-room door opened and a young man, with spectacles and uncontrolled hair, put his head in.

"Hullo," the newcomer said, "I see you brought my books. You're a darling."

The girl informed him: "No, I didn't bring them. This kind gentleman did."

"Oh, that's all right," the man said, "I'm glad. They were really too heavy for you. Ah, it looks as though I'm just in time for tea. May I have a cup, darling?"

"Certainly, Albert," the girl said. She got up again and went to the kitchen.

The man looked at George. "I'm Albert," he said. "Who are you?"

George hesitated. "I'm the mug who carried your case."

*Please turn to page 4*



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*In the twentieth century the woman's angle on any subject deserves full consideration. It is specially important in the question under discussion in thousands of families today: "Should a man of military age enlist in the C.M.F., and should his mother, wife, fiancee or girl-friend encourage him to join up?" Read what a mother has to say:*

# "My boys are defending me and everything I hold dear"

*— Mrs. R. Gore, 17 St. Helen Street, Parkside, S.A.*

*Mrs. Gore has four sons serving in the C.M.F. One of her sons lost his life on military service in Malaya and another was a prisoner of war in Java during the last war. Her husband is an ex-digger.*

"One of my boys lost his life as a soldier in the last war in Malaya," says Mrs. Gore, "and I know the value of early military training for young men. All my lads have made certain that they will get this training. Every mother hates the thought of another war but in these days we have to face realities. I hope for a long peace but if Australia is plunged into a war then my boys will be prepared. I would hate to think that any of my lads went to a war as the rawest of recruits. In the C.M.F. they learn how to defend themselves. This is a great comfort not only to themselves but to me."

Miss B. E. Storr of East Perth, formerly of Adelaide, employed by the Metropolitan Water Supply of W.A., is engaged to Mr. V. Sprigg, of the Commonwealth Pharmaceutical Service, an ex-Serviceman and Staff Sergeant in the C.M.F. Here is Miss Storr's message to all other fiancees, wives and girl-friends:

### "Encourage your menfolk to help this great country of ours by serving in the C.M.F."

"My fiance is in the C.M.F. chiefly because he knows I want him there, and his country needs him . . . it gives him an added outside interest besides his normal work, as well as keeping him healthy, mentally and physically. The extra pay he earns is being tucked away as a nest-egg for the day when we get married.

"My fiance has been in the C.M.F. since the re-organisation in 1948, when he joined after six years' war service in the A.I.F. Now, through his ability, and a good deal of hard work, he has reached the rank of Staff Sergeant in the 2/44th Infantry Battalion . . . I shall continue to support Vernon on his wish to serve because we in Australia want to go on living our lives in our own way, without being dictated to by some local Soviet authority."

*Mrs. Nicoll's husband, Frank, is hardware manager of a department store in Prahran and a Sergeant in a South Melbourne C.M.F. unit. They have two young children.*

### "My man will be trained, whatever happens!"

"We have something to protect," says Mrs. Nicoll, "and service in the C.M.F. is the way most young married men can help to build our defence forces. They are helping to protect themselves, too, by learning in peace time all they can about the army. Frank is tremendously keen—although he finds it a bit of a rush on parade nights. That's where I come in. I take a particular pride in seeing that his uniform is ready for a quick change act. I am proud, too, to think that he has got on so well in the two years he has been with the unit. The fortnight's annual camp is a complete change for him. The kiddies and I miss him, of course, but it could hardly be called a sacrifice. I don't know much about international affairs, but I do know there's a very great threat to us here . . . My man will be trained, whatever happens!"


**Your personal influence can help Australia now!**

Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Nicoll or Miss Storr do not pretend to be Australia's Joan of Arc. They are just typical of many thousands of wives, mothers and fiancees, but by their courageous attitude they are helping to swell enlistment in the C.M.F. by men of military age into a great, voluntary national defence effort that should win the respect and admiration of the world.

What they have done you can do also through your influence as a woman, the woman to whom your husband, your sons or your fiance look for encouragement and support in a grand decision like voluntary enlistment. For your own and Australia's sake, give your man the right lead, and be proud of him when he joins the C.M.F.

*Issued by the Commonwealth Director-General of Recruiting.* WM13.143.41


# Carry Your Case?

*Continued from page 3*

ALBERT seemed grateful. "Oh, the books," he said. "That was kind of you. I'm so glad Lyn didn't carry them. She's always trying to do something for me, like carrying my books."

"Lyn," George said. ". . . Lyn."

Lyn came back with Albert's tea.

"Hullo, Lyn," George said.

"Fancy guessing my name," she said.

"He didn't. I told him," Albert said.

Albert took his tea from Lyn and helped himself to a biscuit.

"I'm George," George said.

"Now we all know each other," Lyn said.

"I live two doors from here," George said.

"Lyn and I live here," Albert said.

"You—you two married?"

"Not yet," Albert said. "I've still got a bit of studying to do before I can afford the time to marry."

"Those were Albert's books you carried."

"I'm painfully aware of that," George told her.

He finished his tea and watched Albert, hoping he would get up and go to his own room. But Albert seemed glued to his seat, so George eventually got up.

"I suppose I'd better get along," he said.

Albert leapt to his feet. "I'll show you to the door. I must get on with some studying."

In the passage, Albert added: "This is my room here, where you left the books."

George walked slowly on to his own place. He let himself in, then sat on his bed, thinking, for a long time. Why must there be people like Albert? What does Lyn think of Albert? I know what I think of Lyn. That's clear, if nothing else is, he decided.

That evening he went back. He rang the bell and hoped she would answer his ringing. Albert answered it.

"Why, hullo!" Albert exclaimed. "Come on in."

Albert led the way in and got as far as his room door.

George said: "I really came to see Lyn."

"All right. We'll go on and see Lyn."

Albert knocked on Lyn's sitting-room door, then entered. George followed.

"We've come to see you," Albert said.

"It was my idea originally," George said.

"It's nice of you both. Sit down."

"I thought you'd be studying," George told Albert.

"I was. I've got a lot to do."

"Well, don't let us keep you away from your books."

"The books can always wait. It's not every night Lyn and I have company."

George looked at Lyn. "Do you ever get lonely?"

"No. Albert never gives me a chance."

George turned gloomily to Albert. "Albert, tell me more about yourself."

The evening passed. When George got up to go, Albert got up, too. George wondered whether he could possibly slip back to see Lyn on her own, but Albert kept with him, right to the front door.

"Good-night, George," Albert said, "once again thanks for carrying my books today."

"Forget it. I'm trying to." George walked on home.

Two days later he saw the pretty sight. Albert leaving the premises, walking along with books under his arm.

George surmised he was going to a lecture or something similar in the city. That would mean that Lyn would be alone. He hurried to her place and rang the bell. He hoped she would answer the door. She did.

"Hullo, George. I'm afraid Albert's not in."

"That's the best news I've heard in years. Aren't you going to ask me in?"

"Why should I?"

"I carried your case for you the other day."

"That was Albert's case. All right, come in, anyway."

He was in her sitting-room again. "The other day you were about to tell me all about yourself when Albert came in and spoiled everything. Would you carry on with the story now?"

"I had no such intention," the girl told him. "I really just asked you in for tea to help you recover your breath after carrying Albert's case."

"I thought it was your case. I thought I was doing you a good turn."

She said nothing.

UNDAUNTED, George went on: "I don't think you'd ever have got here with that case. As a matter of fact, I don't think Albert would have either."

"You leave him alone."

"You mean you're really fond of that chap?"

"Albert's a dear darling," Lyn said.

"We talk a lot about Albert when he's here, and that's bad enough," George said. "Now are you going to tell me about yourself or must I talk about me?"

"Yes, you tell me what you do, besides carrying suitcases."

"I work and plan for the future. I want to marry and settle down."

"That's what Albert's doing, too."

"My plans are beginning to take shape. I've just met the right girl."

"I hope you'll both be very happy. She's a lucky girl, having you there to carry her case for her."

"Of course my life's not without its problems. I'm not sure how well I should get to know her before I ask her to marry me."

"I wouldn't hesitate if I were you. If she says no, well at least you'll know where you are."

"It's an idea," George said, "would you marry me?"

"No," Lyn said.

". . . You said I'd know where I was. Actually everything's up in the air."

"Would you like a cup of tea?"

"Yes, thank you. While you're getting the tea I'll think up a new approach."

She came back with the tray again. He stood up and helped her.

"I'm very heavy at heart," he told her, after he'd sat down again.

She sat dreamily stirring a spoon in her cup. There was a long silence.

George broke it. He said: "I never thought that an evening with you would be like this. I mean I thought everything would go along swimmingly."

"Sorry if you find me dull," Lyn said.

"Of course you're not dull. It's all my fault. You see, it's just that you caught me off balance when you said no to my proposal. That was something I hadn't planned for."

"Don't worry, you'll find some other girl."

"Stop talking about other girls."

"More tea?" Lyn asked him.

"Listen, let me get you a cup of tea this time."

"We'll both go," Lyn said.

She got up and they went into the kitchenette together. George admired the neatness and tidiness of this little room. He watched her pick up the teapot and pour their tea.

George knew he must have it badly when it had got to the stage where he was admiring her every little action, and he decided then that the idea of his not getting this girl for his very own would bear thinking about no longer.

She had refused his restrained proposal and he had promised a different approach.

"Do you know what the cavemen used to do?" George said. Somewhere in the place a door opened and shut.

"Here's Albert," Lyn said.

She reached up to a shelf and got down another cup. "He'll be in for tea in a minute. What were you saying, George?"

"It's slipped my mind at the moment," he answered.

She poured Albert's tea.

"You can carry that one in," she told George.

"I spend the best years of my life carrying things for Albert."

As Lyn had anticipated, Albert came in for his tea less than a minute later.

"You look tired, Albert," Lyn told him, "you must look after yourself better than you're doing."

"This cup of tea will revive me," Albert said.

"I didn't think you'd be home this early, Albert," George said. He had lost interest in the proceedings. He didn't even enjoy the tea Lyn had poured him. He emptied his cup, put it down, said: "It's time for me to go. Good night." He stood up.

"I'll come with you as far as the door," Albert said. Out in the passage, he added: "I've got my books on the shelves now. Like to have a look at them?"

Before George could think of an excuse for not inspecting the books, Albert had opened his room door and switched on the light.

"Come on in," he said.

George followed him in. He was amazed at Albert's room. There was barely standing room for the two of them. It was a drab, doleful little den, and George actually felt a pang of pity for Albert and did not altogether blame him for seeking the expansive luxury of Lyn's sitting-room occasionally.

"You haven't got much room here," George said.

"No; but I try to forget the surroundings when I'm working," Albert said.

*Please turn to page 10*



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# The Spanish Gardener

FINAL DRAMATIC INSTALMENT
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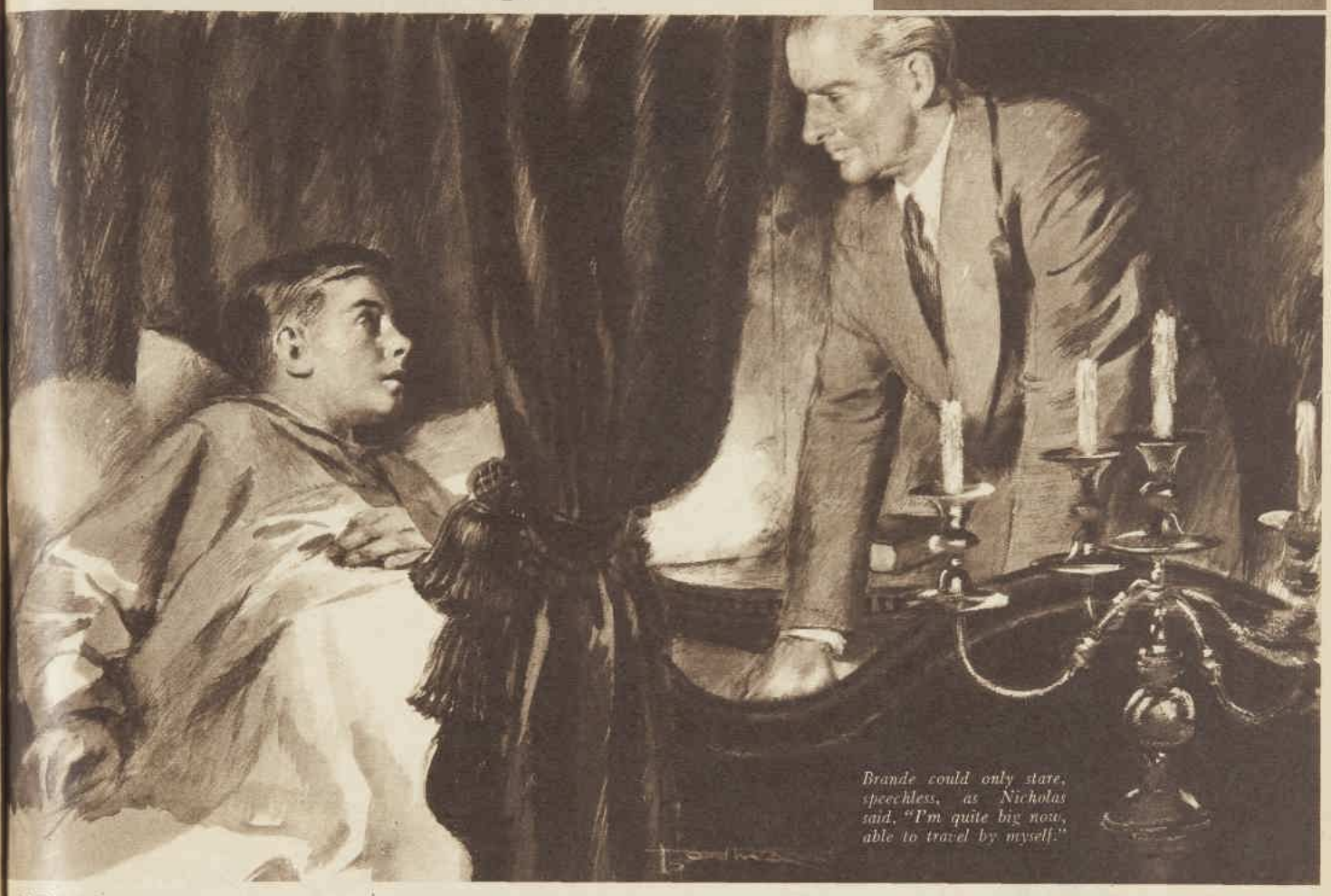
**By A. J. CRONIN**



*Brande could only stare, speechless, as Nicholas said, "I'm quite big now, able to travel by myself."*

NICHOLAS ran all the way home, and it was fortunate that he did so, since his father arrived at the villa somewhat before his usual time. Garcia had returned, too, and for a moment the boy was fearful that he might be questioned as to how he had employed the afternoon.

But the Consul was more than ever preoccupied and withdrawn; they sat down to dinner together without incident, and Nicholas breathed again as the danger passed.

For the past week Brande had treated Nicholas with a kind of formal courtesy. Tonight, however, he barely spoke to him. Instead, his attention seemed focused, strangely, upon Garcia; and several times, contrary to his custom, he addressed the man.

"You saw Professor Halevy off?"

"Yes, senor."

"Was his train on time?"

"Are these trains ever on time, senor?" The butler's face expressed a saturnine contempt.

"No, I suppose not." Brande colored slightly, as though sensing for the first time a vague familiarity in the man's manner. "But did he get away safely?"

"Undoubtedly, senor. Do I ever fail the senor? At eleven o'clock."

Nicholas could not quite fathom the meaning of these exceptional exchanges, yet they made him uncomfortable.

He was glad when a nod from his father dismissed him, gave him liberty to retire to his room, and, while he undressed, to treasure in solitude that brave new hope which his conversation with Pedro had planted in his heart.

Downstairs, the Consul still sat at table, tallying interminably with his port. Twice the butler had opened the pantry door to see if he might clear away, yet Brande had not moved. At the third appearance, however, the Consul suddenly called, "Garcia."

"Yes, senor."

Under the butler's level stare, Brande felt himself flinch. For the first time he sensed in that opaque gaze a vague derision masquerading as servility. Was it true, then, what Nicholas had so often timorously asserted?

"Garcia," he said again, resolutely, "when did you arrive back with the car?"

"At five o'clock, senor."

"But Professor Halevy left at eleven." Brande affected to consider. "Allowing two hours for your journey home, you should have been back at one."

Garcia's eyebrows lifted a trifle higher.

"One must eat, senor. It was necessary for me to partake of a modest repast."

"So you spent four hours over this modest repast?"

"I did not realise that there was need for haste. And I found it pleasant to prolong my luncheon."

"Did you drink during this prolonged luncheon?"

"Senor?"

"I have been watching you carefully during the past hour. It occurred to me that you had been drinking."

The butler's mouth drew down sharply at the corners.

"I am a human being, senor, and must take advantage of my opportunities. Frankly, I am accustomed to good wine. When I was with the Aosta family in Madrid I was served with the best Marsala."

The Consul bit his lip.

"You are very fond of referring to these Aostas. When were you with them?"

"Some time ago."

"When?" repeated the Consul in a firmer tone.

Now a perceptible change came into the butler's hooded eyes.

"It is written in my papers," he said slowly. "They are all in order."

"Of course." The Consul paused an instant. "And you have never heard of an individual named Rodrigo Espantago?"

The butler's fleshy eyelids flickered once. There was a strange thickness in his voice as he replied: "Why should I know of such a one? Who is he?"

"A criminal," Brande answered. "Wanted by the Madrid police."

Garcia suddenly burst out: "Really, senor, I feel myself insulted. What do you think I am, to hurl such insinuations at my head? Is it my fault that I have made enemies? No, senor, a thousand times, no. And always I have found a way to confound them, these sneaking brutes!"

He was almost shouting now and Brande, concealing the alarm he felt, exclaimed, sternly, "Be quiet, Garcia!"

IGNORING the interruption, Garcia raged on: "I am used to persecution. I am a remarkable man. Often, when passing strangers in the street, I have heard them murmur, 'He is distinguished . . . of noble blood.' Bah, it is nothing, I am not proud. But no man can continue to give everything and receive nothing. A meaningless sacrifice to which I will never submit . . ."

"That will do."

Brande, in his concern, half rose from the table, but suddenly the butler's eyes were emptied of all light. A slight shiver, almost a convulsion, passed over him. Then his manner was calm again, obsequious.

"Obviously someone has been slandering me. But I think I have always given satisfaction. Is not that correct, senor?"

"Of course," the Consul muttered.

"I am very glad that you should feel so satisfied, senor. In that case it should be easy to forget these foolish notions. Surely you have already had enough trouble in your household?"

There was a pause. Brande drummed his fingers on the table, unsatisfied, resentful, and ill at ease, yet strangely unwilling to press the issue further. When he spoke the words came almost diffidently.

"You can assure me there is no truth in these . . . these suggestions?"

"None whatever, senor. Let your mind be at rest. I shall get more papers from Madrid. In a few days I can give you all the proof you require. And now, senor, have I your permission to clear the table?"

"Yes," said Brande heavily. "I have finished."

. . . . . .

Wednesday came still and humid, filled with immense, opalescent sheets of light, with soft heat pouring silently out of the grey and glassy sky.

This queer, impenetrable day seemed to match the Consul's mood, which, from the moment of his rising, was strangely gloomy. After breakfast, before departing for the office, he drew Nicholas aside and with a kind of painful logic explained to him what he was forced to do.

It eased him somewhat that the boy listened with proper docility, for he had feared the possibility of another outburst, a scene. Only when he was about to leave Nicholas raised his bowed head. "Don't go, Father."

"I must, Nicholas."

At that the boy suddenly gave way.

"Father, I beg you not to," he cried.

But Brande was by this time in the automobile, and the next minute was gone.

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ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD



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A SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

# THE SPELL

## By ROLF BENNETT

"IF a man gets drunk, he can sober up again a few hours after, but if he falls in love, it may be years before he gets on an even keel, and some there are as never rights themselves at all," remarked the bos'n as he sliced up a roll of twist.

"There was young Ben Adams," he went on, "a seaman bred and born like his father afore him. Why, that youngster, he could reef and steer before he could say his ten-times table. It was in his blood, the sea was, and after a fortnight on land he'd go clean off his grub and start to pine away like a herring that hasn't been salted.

"And then, all of a sudden and for no reason at all, he goes and falls in love. Not that there was anything startling in that, seeing that a young man—especially if he's tall and well set-up like Ben—can't escape it no more than he can getting pimples in the springtime.

"Queerest thing was that he and the girl had lived almost next door to each other all their lives. They'd played together as kids and quarrelled and slapped each other and done all the things youngsters do. She'd always been 'Lucy' to him and he'd always been 'Ben' to her, except when they weren't speaking and then they called each other more impolite names.

"Now if them two were going to fall in love, why didn't they do it before he was twenty-three and she nineteen? And why did it happen sudden and simultaneous, as the saying is?

"They'd never showed any disposition to be over-affectionate before, and they hadn't neither of them changed in the matter of looks except gradual-like as they growed up. Both were nice-looking but they always had been when their faces were washed and their hair done proper and they'd got their best clothes on.

"What I mean, see, is that there wasn't nothing startling, as you might say, like when you see a girl you've never seen before and she takes the wind clean out of your sails.

"He knew the look of her as well as he did the aspidistra plant in his mother's parlor, and she knew his looks better than she knew the looks of her own father, for he was a chimney sweep by day and a night watchman at night.

"It was like as if they'd both been bewitched at the same time, so that, when they looked at each other, they saw different from what they had before; he being a different Ben, and she a different Lucy. Which is queer, because they didn't look no different to other people than what they had done.

"I reckon, though, that she was harder hit than he was, for he took it fairly light-hearted and was quite happy when he had to go off to sea, which Lucy wasn't. Why, she'd go all sad and droopy and it was as much as you could do to get a smile out of her.

"It was about this time that Ben sat for and got his mate's ticket, and as soon as he done that, he started to look round to better himself. He was acting as mate of a tops'l schooner carrying coal to Bilbao and bringing back slates, but it didn't offer no prospects for an ambitious young man like Ben who wanted some day to get a command.

"Lucy, she didn't have no ambitions for him in that way. She wanted him to leave the sea and settle down ashore. Her uncle, who kept 'The Blue Anchor,' was getting on in years and thinking of retiring, and she got round him to promise that, after she and Ben got married, he'd hand the pub over to them.

"But Ben—call him a fool or not as you like—wouldn't give up the sea to become landlord of 'The Blue Anchor.' To my mind he was a fool, for what is there to look forward to after a lifetime at sea? Nothing, as far as I know, except the rheumatics and the hope of getting a job as a lighthouse-keeper.

"Well, that's how matters stood when Ben's ship went and piled herself up in a fog off the Lizard and became a total wreck, which meant that Ben was thrown out of a job.

"And, as he soon found out, it wasn't easy to get another, what with so many ships laid up and freights high and cargoes scarce. This was Lucy's chance, and she pressed him hard to leave the sea for good and work with her uncle so as to learn the trade.

"But Ben was as pig-headed as a donkey in some ways, and this was one of them, and all Lucy's broadsides couldn't shift him from his ambition to get a command.

"Meantime, of course, Ben was looking round for a ship, but, as I've said, seafaring was in a bad way, for there were about twice as many seamen as there were ships to be manned, and mates—even them with masters' tickets—were two-a-penny and reckoned to be dear at that.

"Then, someways or other, Ben got to hear of some scientific coves who were going out to the West Indies to find out about the currents or the insects or something—I forget what it was exactly now.

"They'd bought a ketch and were having her refitted and putting in an auxiliary engine and so on, and they expected to be away about a year studying the climate or whatever it was.

"Anyways, Ben got the job of mate on this ketch—she was called the Beaufort—and when Lucy heard about it she was properly upset. For it meant that Ben would be away a year, if not more; in fact, he mightn't never come back at all.

"And then one day, less than a week before the Beaufort was due to sail, an old gipsy woman came knocking at the door of where Lucy lived, wishing to sell pegs and mats or tell fortunes.

"Well, it didn't need no second-sightedness to tell that Lucy was troubled, and it wasn't long before the gipsy woman got out of her what the trouble was. And then she said, the gipsy woman did, that if Lucy'd give her five pounds she'd put a spell on the scientific coves and the ketch and Ben so that they'd give up the expedition.

"So Lucy, she gave the old woman five pounds, and the old woman gave her a hazel nut with a hole bored in it, and told her to hang it round her neck with a piece of silk off a bride's dress. She had to do other things as well, but I can't call to mind just what they were. The gipsy woman said she'd come back next day with another charm which Lucy was to give Ben.

"She did, and handed Lucy a little bag made of silk about the size of the hazel nut she'd given Lucy. She said that Ben must be made to swear he'd hang the little bag round his neck and not take it off on no account.

"So that evening Lucy gave Ben the charm and made him swear what the gipsy had said. Then she hung it round his neck by a little cord. Of course, he pretended to laugh at it, but like all seafaring men he was by way of being superstitious, and Lucy knew she could trust him not to take it off.

"The morning the ketch sailed, Lucy came down to the wharf to say good-bye to Ben, and she cried and clung to him, and he did his best to comfort her because, for all he was so fond of the sea, she'd properly won his affections.

"But at last the ketch got under way with her auxiliary engine. Ben took the wheel, and Lucy stood on the wharf, crying and waving her handkerchief till the ketch was out of sight. And then, heart-heavy, as the saying is, she started to go home.

"On her way she met the old gipsy woman and told her what she thought about her spell and the hazel nut, and said she was going to report her to the police. 'Wait a bit, my dear,' says the old woman. 'The spell's starting to work already, and you'll be seeing your lover again before sundown this day.'

"Lucy didn't believe her, but sure enough before sundown that day the Beaufort returned to the harbor and dropped her anchor. Ben came ashore and told Lucy that something was wrong with the compass and that they'd have to have it tested and put right before they could sail.

"So next day a man came down from London and tested the compass and said as he couldn't find nothing wrong with it. They started off again the day after, but before sundown they were back again in harbor with the same trouble.

"This time they sent to Southampton for a man to test the compass, and he, too, said there was nothing wrong with it. But to make dead sure, they had the old compass taken away and a new one put in its place. Then, a week later, they started for the West Indies once more. And, believe it or not, they were back again before sundown.

*Lucy came down to the wharf to say good-bye to Ben, but she couldn't help crying.*

"Well, the scientific coves were that mad, they decided to give up the expedition, and Ben and the rest of the crew were paid off. By this time Ben was so fed up, too, that he agreed to leave the sea and learn to be licensed victualler at 'The Blue Anchor.' In less than a year, him and Lucy got spliced and took over 'The Blue Anchor' from the retired uncle."

The bos'n paused and filled a blackened briar with the tobacco he had shaved off the plug.

"It was months before Ben stopped wearing that charm," he went on, "but one day, being curious like, he took it off and opened the bag. And what d'you think he found? Why, a piece of highly magnetised steel! That was why, when he took the wheel—or even when he came within yards of it—the compass was thrown all out of gear.

"Him and Lucy, they're still at 'The Blue Anchor.' Ben, you see, turned out to be the kind of feller that, having fallen in love, as the saying is, never properly gets on an even keel again—which is to say that Lucy still has first call on his affections."

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# Fire Escape

***Where there's smoke, there's fire — and what is more inflammable, Pat thought, than a situation where a girl favors the wrong suitor?***

**A short story by CEE JOHNSON**

THERE were pigeons cooing, flies buzzing, flowers blooming. For everyone it was summer—but not for my sister Belinda. You see, she had humble pie to eat.

"Naturally," I said, "it's sticking in your gullet."

Belinda frowned, chewing the end of her pen.

"Don't use such a word," she said.

"Well," I said, "that's what it is only you don't know it."

"Don't know what?" she murmured absently.

"Don't know that it's sticking—there—for one simple reason."

"Letters are always difficult to write."

"Not to a bookworm like you, they're not. But this one is. Because . . ."

"Because what?"

"Because," I said, very firmly, "Vincent is the wrong man for you. I've told you before and I'll keep on telling you."

Belinda considered this, in her grave, slow way. Pacing about the bedroom, her golden hair swinging as she turned, she looked like a film star.

That was just it. She looked like a film star and people thought of her in those terms—something beautiful to be petted and displayed.

To Vincent, for instance, she was just part of the Vincent exhibition—and he wanted to make her a permanent part.

But do you know what she was really, my sister Belinda? Inside, behind those genuinely dreamy grey eyes? Not many people knew it, only Mother and Father and I and Emmy and the old lady on the corner who sold Belinda her paper each morning and a few others.

Most of the world doesn't look inside much, does it? Well, anyway, she was an angel or a babe in the wood, I was never sure which. Most probably a mixture of both.

I was nineteen and Belinda twenty three, but you would think it was the other way round. Angel was right you know, because she was out of this world three parts of the time. If I didn't keep my eye on her I never knew where she would be next—under a bus, over a cliff, in a pond, or merely salting her coffee.

Father's last words to me, whispered in my ear before he took Mother on that business trip abroad, were: "And watch over Rip Van Winkle, if you don't do anything else, won't you, Pat?"

I told him he could count on me, and I meant it. We Wilsons are people of our word.

"I only know," said Belinda sadly, "that I miss Vincent. I'm sorry I sent him away last week and I'm going to ask him to come back."

I hated to see her brows puckered; Vincent wasn't a good enough reason for it.

"Vincent!" I said. "Even his name makes me sick."

Whenever I thought of Vincent Brown I seethed. Belinda had met him the day Father and Mother left, a month ago. She didn't know it but it was only because she was upset that she looked twice at him.

Belinda was a secretary in one of those associations where there is never anything much to do—or else our dreamer wouldn't have held the job for three years. Someone down there at the office introduced them. Vincent caught her out of step, that was what it amounted to, and rushed her.

He, this Mr. Vincent-incongruous-Brown, had a huge black shapeless car, all grilles and gadgets. It wallowed smoothly about on the roads like a great whale coming up river. Very expensive looking, and so was Vincent.

I'd never seen him in the same clothes twice in that month and he'd practically lived at our flat until Belinda told him to go. He had soft long hands that hung unclenched on his arms, like flippers, and the handkerchief in his breast pocket made the neatest V.

He was so sleek he looked as though only one thing in the world would ruffle him—the word work. He was in wholesale grocery, he told Belinda, in a big way. Certainly he gave her a very good time, in his orchidy, playboy fashion.

He was the first man friend Belinda had ever had. Oh, there were always men in the offing, calling and ringing and writing, but so far they had stayed there.

Belinda had been happy enough with the company she had discovered early in her childhood—the company of books. But for the whole of that Vincent packed month she hadn't opened one, not once.

After she had sent him marching last week, she had gone back to her first love and started pecking about among the volumes in her bedroom. But it was no good, and now here she was actually putting herself in the way of a snub from that!

"I'm glad you're not finding it easy to put on paper," I said, counting the crumpled sheets on the floor. "Twenty-three misfires so far."

Belinda groaned and flung into the bathroom, returning with a cold wet towel. It was hot and still outside, no breeze at all.

Belinda pushed the window up the last half inch, then flopped on her divan below it. She plumped up her pillows and lay back, applying the wet towel to her forehead. She drew her knees up, put the pad on them, and concentrated with her eyes shut.

Miss Emery, our lamb of a paying guest, was in the kitchen as usual, dabbling silently in her passion for cooking. Apart from the eternally tinkling piano somewhere in some flat within earshot and the distant boom of a wireless all was silent at the back of Aberdare Mansions.

Belinda took up her pen and stared at the stubbornly blank pad. I flung myself into the armchair by her side, scheming hard how to get that letter when it was finished.

*Dear Vincent,*

*I have been thinking,* she wrote, and petered out into thinking some more. Her eyes closed and she frowned in agony.

"*'But, soft!'*" a voice exclaimed loudly, "*'what light through yonder window breaks?*

*It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.*

*Arise, fair sun——'* —No, no, too weak altogether—h'm?"

Belinda started. The voice seemed to be in the room.

"*'But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?*

*It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.*

*Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon'*

—Ah! there's more life in that, I think. Press on."

"*'Who is already sick and pale with grief——'* Oh, yes, that's sturdier altogether. Pass the coffee, will you?"

"It must be the people in the flat above," I said unnecessarily.

Belinda groaned. Silence fell again and she relaxed slowly and returned her mind to her pen point, murmuring: *"Dear Vincent——"*

"*'I am too bold,'* um, um, *um,"* interrupted the unseen stranger.

With a long sigh Belinda got up and poked her head out of the window and twisted round to look above. With a grin I did the same.

The window was open like ours, but we could not see anybody, yet the voice, strong and manly, rolled on with verse and commentary, shattering the peace.

"*'To twinkle in their spheres till they return.'*"

My sister fastened up her house-coat and stepped on to the fire escape. I followed.

"Please," she interrupted, climbing several steps and poking her head over the sill, "please could you take Juliet into the kitchen or the bathroom for a little while?"

We saw a broad back covered in white shirt and above it a rumpled mass of dull red hair. The back spun round and a freckled face and eyes as grey as Belinda's looked at us over a large volume of Shakespeare.

The eyes looked into mine and grinned, then passed over to Belinda and slowly rounded in wonder.

"Phew!" he said. "Phew!"

"Could you?" Belinda asked. "Would she mind?"

The young man put his elbows on the window-sill and gazed at my sister as though he would never wish to cease. When you are spinning in an abyss, normal mannerisms go by the board.

"She?" he asked vaguely.

"Juliet, the friend you are rehearsing with."

The young man's face blanked and he blinked.

"Rehearsing with?" he repeated, obviously just touching down for a few seconds.

I suppressed a giggle.

"Look," I said gently, "for no real reason my sister is trying to write a letter and you and your friend are distracting her. She wonders if you possibly could do your rehearsal in another room."

He laughed at that.

"I'm on my own," he told us. "They're probably making me Romeo in some amateur theatricals when I go home at Christmas. I'm just running over my lines."

"Then you're talking to yourself?" Belinda asked.

"Absolutely," he admitted, putting his elbows back on the sill and showed signs of falling back into that abyss of admiration again.

"But you told yourself to pass the coffee," I said, warily descending a step.

*Please turn to page 53*

ILLUSTRATED BY FISCHER

*"Fire!" I cried out at the top of my voice, bursting in on Belinda's quiet read. "There's no time to lose."*



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**Are you using NEW PERSIL yet?**

P.45.WW142a


# Carry Your Case?

*Continued from page 4*

GEORGE walked on to his own lodgings and turned on the light. After Albert's room, his own bed-sitting-room struck him as being large, comfortable, and fairly homely, although he was not in the mood for appreciating things to-night.

He had been rejected by the girl he loved, then the other man had come into the picture again, and George's spirits were low. He sat on his bed and thought things over. He had gone over everything several times before his idea came to him.

Eventually he got into bed and smoked a cigarette and went over it again.

Next day was Saturday, and, early in the afternoon, George decided to put his plan into action. He walked down to the place with which he was getting so familiar, and rang the bell. It was Albert's turn to come to the door.

Albert started: "Hullo, George. I'm sorry, Lyn's—"

"I didn't come to see Lyn to-day," George said. "I came to see you."

"Me?"

"Yes. I want to have a talk to you. Would you come down to my room for a while?"

"Certainly. Just a moment while I get my key so I can let myself in when I get back."

When they got to George's room, Albert exclaimed: "Wow! This is something like a room. You're lucky, George."

"I'm glad it strikes you that way," George said, "because this room is what I want to speak to you about."

"Yes?"

"I've been worried about you ever since I saw your dismal little dump last night. Your room would be all right for somebody who just comes home to roost, but it's quite unsatisfactory for a student like yourself, who spends so much time in his room."

Albert nodded thoughtfully.

"Well, it occurred to me that this room is being wasted so far as I am concerned, so I thought you might like to change rooms with me. Actually I was not particularly struck with your room, but it should be quite satisfactory for me."

Albert's eyes were shining. "You really mean you'd change?"

"Yes, definitely," George told him.

"That's wonderful of you, George."

"I just thought it was the decent thing to do."

"This'll give me a new lease of life. It'll be a great impetus to my work. How soon can we change, George?"

"As soon as you like."

"You mean now, this afternoon?"

"Yes," George said.

"Wow! You know, I never did like that place, George. The only thing that made life bearable was that Lyn lived there, but now that she's gone it has—"

"How do you mean, gone?"

"She's left. It wouldn't be the same for me now."

"You mean she's packed up and cleared out?"

"Yes. She left this morning. With her suit-case."

"Where did she go?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't she leave an address?"

"No, not with me," Albert said. "If it's all right with you, George, I'll go right back and start getting my things ready to shift."

He departed with an enthusiasm that was not shared by George. And as the afternoon wore on and the shifting proceeded, George's stocks sunk lower and lower.

That night it was a sad man who, in his new room, found the badly placed light switch, turned off the light, then got into the little hard bed. It was very dark.

The window faced the street, but a garden shrub grew just outside and blotted out most of the light which would have come in. The adjoining room, it seemed to George, was noticeably still and quiet.

Next day he would try to find out from his new landlady whether Lyn had left a forwarding address, but he felt that one of the reasons for her sudden departure was that she wanted to be troubled by him no more.

He reviewed the events of the past few weeks and knew he'd been the mug from the moment he relieved Lyn of Albert's case of books until now, when to climax everything, he had surrendered his own comfortable room for this inconvenient, drab cell.

George resigned himself to a night of self-pitying wakefulness, then went to sleep.

He awoke later. It took him a while to get his bearings and to realise that what had awakened him was a rapping on his window. That and a voice saying:

"Albert. Albert."

George knew that he must be dreaming because it was Lyn's voice.

She said: "Let me in, Albert. I haven't my key."

He was dreaming, but he got out of bed, anyway, put on a dressing-gown, groped for the light switch, could not find it, groped for the door, found that, then went on to the front door and opened it.

"Thanks, Albert," Lyn said.

George grunted. He wasn't sure whether he was awake or not.

"I thought you weren't coming back," George said.

"I knew you weren't listening this morning when I explained to you that I was just going for the day. If you'd noticed me properly this morning you would have seen I had a case and would have carried it to the station for me. No you wouldn't have, because you couldn't bear to leave your precious books. Anyway, thanks for letting me in."

She walked in past him and George suddenly was awake enough to realise that she had not recognised him in the dark and had not noticed that his sleepy voice was not Albert's. She walked along the passage a little, then her dim figure suddenly stopped and she turned back towards him.

"Was George here this evening?"

"No."

"I thought he might have been here looking for me. I would have hated to miss him. I love George, Albert."

George made a strange noise that Albert could have made, too.

Lyn went on: "Don't sound so surprised. You should have known all along. I used to see him going past every day and he never seemed to notice me. Then that day when you had your heavy case of books and you told me you were getting a taxi because you couldn't carry them and I could have a ride home, I saw him coming just after you'd gone to try to find a taxi."

Lyn laughed softly, "So I pretended to be carrying the books, and he came to my rescue as I'd hoped he would. I carried the case for about a yard and it nearly killed me, but I got my man. He asked me to marry him last night, Albert."

George mumbled. He hoped it still sounded like Albert.

"I'll probably marry him quite soon, but he doesn't know that just yet. I'm teasing him for a while and it's going to be fun, because last night he was talking about caveman tactics and I haven't forgotten the way he handled that case of books. Go to bed, Albert, before you get cold. This is probably all over your head, anyway. Good-night."

George mumbled again, then went into his room and closed the door. He quickly dressed and combed his hair. Then he went out and knocked on Lyn's sitting-room door.

"Come in."

He went in. She said: "Oh, it's you. How did you get in?"

"I've got a key to this place now. I come here so often I thought I needed one."

"I suppose you want a cup of—"

"Last night we were interrupted. I was about—"

"I know. You were about to tell me about a caveman."

"No, I was about to show you. Like this," George said.

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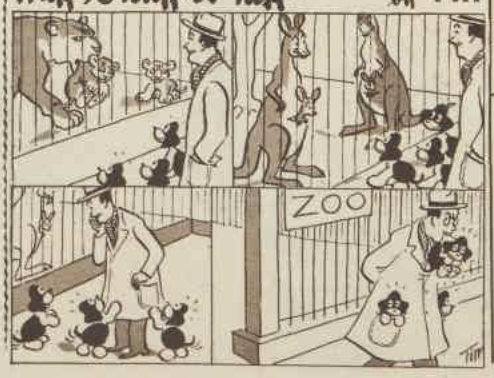
## FOR THE CHILDREN

**Wuff, Snuff & Tuff** by TIM





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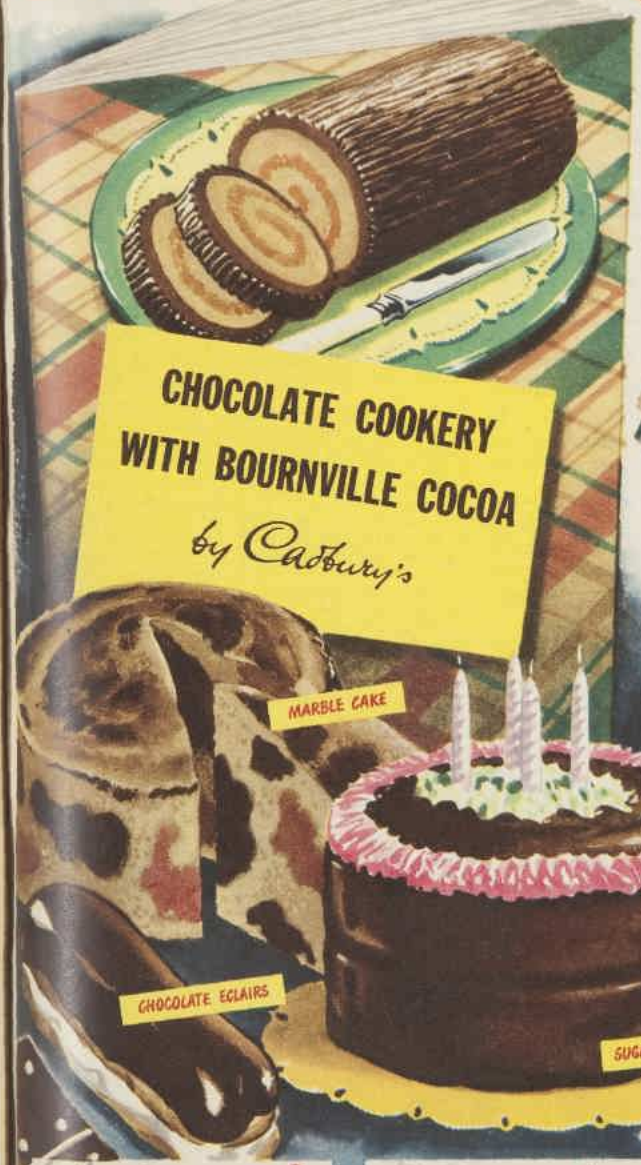

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*ENGLISH RADIO SCRIPT-WRITERS Denis Norden (left) and Frank Muir, who are coming to Australia in August, work on their popular B.B.C. show "Take It From Here," which stars Joy Nichols and Dick Bentley.*

# B.B.C. funny men coming to Australia

*From MARCIA PICKARD, in London*

**Top English radio script-writers Frank Muir and Denis Norden, authors of the popular B.B.C. feature "Take It From Here," will fly to Australia in August to write ten shows for the A.B.C.**

**"As well as being script-writers we are an actor between us," Norden told me in an interview. "We are crowd noises, we are a shout, or a cry of alarm. We are not a particularly good actor, but we are very cheap. Our name is Herbert Mostyn."**

HERBERT is Muir's second name and Mostyn is Norden's.

Norden and Muir will be accompanied to Australia by their wives, who are wondering what it will be like to walk into a fully stocked butchery.

Mrs. Muir, who is 25, said: "We grew up during the war and have always known meat rationing. I don't know any cuts. Why, I wouldn't recognise a shoulder of lamb!"

"The girls are boning up on the anatomy of the cow," said Frank Muir. "They are afraid they will be too conservative in Australia and take just eightpennyworth of meat.

**"One day they'll be very daring and spend a shilling."**

Norden and Muir will stay in Sydney for three months and they are determined to live in flats overlooking a harbor or surf beach.

A good part of their three months will be spent exercising the acute social observation which has made "Take It From Here" such a success.

They will have to absorb a lot of local color and custom, but they are astute enough to be able to merge into the Australian scene.

Expecting the air to be charged with wit and repartee, I went to see Muir and Norden meekly.

I found them quiet and rather inarticulate.

Norden's wife, Avril, says the two men "suit perfectly." It would be a poor look-out for them if they didn't.

They work together in a tiny attic office at the top of a building in Mayfair. Their room is so high up "it doesn't encourage popping in and out."

Muir told me, "It's 77 steps up, the only exercise we get. It's not good for us. It may induce heart trouble.

"We have no hobbies, we take no exercise at all, positively none. We don't even pace the floor when we are writing."

Muir and Norden have to think of 200 jokes a week for "Take It From Here." To work out these jokes they sit opposite each other and talk, or just muse.

They attack the task light-heartedly or seriously. Norden is more restrained in his appreciation of a joke than Muir, who guffaws uninhibitedly.

Jimmy Edwards, who shares star billing in the show with Australians Dick Bentley and Joy Nichols, has said that Muir is unique in being able to laugh through his nose with his mouth full.

Muir said that his greatest occupational expense was incurred in breaking two chairs a year tilting them backwards while he sucked his pipe and ruminated.

"I have nearly bored a hole in the wall behind my chair into the cell next door," he added.

"We are the best customers for ballpoint pens in the world," said Norden. "We wear out one every 10 days."

Between them Norden and Muir consume about 40 to 50 cigarettes and 60 cups of tea for each programme.

Their weekly deadline is Thursday morning. If the producer of the show does not like any part of the script during the first reading on Friday, they have to start rewriting. When this happens they occasionally work through the night to beat the clock.

Otherwise their office hours are from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Although Norden's and Muir's careers ran parallel for years, they didn't meet until they began to collaborate on "Take It From Here."

Each served as an LAC in the R.A.F. in the war and each began script writing for Service concert parties.

Muir wrote for Jimmy Edwards and Joy Nichols in the show "Navy Mixture," while Norden thought up gags for Dick Bentley.

When Edwards, Joy, and Bentley teamed up, Muir and Norden also joined forces.

The pair put up a tremendous amount of research in writing their scripts, and every fact is checked.

"We always remember that there is sure to be somebody listening who knows more about any subject than we do," said Norden.

**"Then someone** will write **a letter to the B.B.C.** if we are **wrong, because the** hobby of **English people is** letter-writing."

Muir also told me that they could not complain about financial treatment from the B.B.C.

"It is possible," he said, "for a script-writer in England to earn £200 a week if his show is broadcast with the Home Service and Light Programme, with repeat and rebroadcast overseas."

"Take It From Here" is heard twice a week on the Light, once on the Home, and three times on the General Overseas Service.

*MRS. DENIS NORDEN and son Nicholas, who will also be visiting Australia this year. Mrs. Norden is expecting a baby this month.*

*MRS. FRANK MUIR will have to leave her pet French poodle in London when she comes to Australia.*



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# QUEEN MARY: Portrait of a great lady

**IN this issue we print the first fascinating instalment of Marion Crawford's intimate story of Queen Mary. As governess to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, "Crawfie," as she is known to the Royal Family, had many opportunities to appreciate the practical wisdom, common sense, and kindliness of the Queen Mother.**

*By MARION CRAWFORD, author of "The Little Princesses"*

*QUEEN MARY, who will be 84 on May 26, has lived the best part of a century that has seen startling economic and scientific changes and the two most devastating wars of all time. Her age links her with the past, but her alert mind and unquenchable interest in all that is happening keep her abreast of modern thought. Portrait by Baron.*

WHEN you see Queen Mary's Standard flying over Marlborough House, the square-fronted red brick building, which faces St. James' Park, across The Mall, within sight of Buckingham Palace, you know that Queen Mary is at home.

Marlborough House, most homelike of the Royal residences, is truly home to Queen Mary.

She knew it first when, as a little girl, she was taken there from Kensington Palace to play with her young relatives, the children of Edward Prince of Wales, Queen Victoria's son.

One of them, George Frederick Ernest Albert, Duke of York and later King George V, became her husband. They were married on July 6, 1893. It was at Marlborough House that they lived as Prince and Princess of Wales for eight years.

After King George V died Queen Mary went back to the old home, and stayed there until the outbreak of war. The home was not extensively damaged, but bomb-blast brought down several ceilings.

For a time some of the rooms were used to house distinguished refugees. But at last it was made ready for Queen Mary to live in again, and one of her first tasks was to arrange her collection of antiques and works of art.

To-day, with its crystal chandeliers, gold frescoed ceilings, deep-pile crimson carpets, tapestries, and royal portraits, Marlborough House is far more glorious within than without. Queen Mary's bedroom, boudoir, sitting-rooms, and private dining-room are on the first floor, overlooking the garden and the Mall.

Almost any afternoon or morning when Queen Mary's Standard is flying, if you stand in The Mall and wait a little while, you may be lucky enough to see a large and unmistakably Royal car come through the gates.

Sitting erect, and well forward in the body of the limousine, so that she can see and be seen, Queen Mary acknowledges salutes with a gracious inclination of her head.

I have often waited there, not indeed in the hope of seeing Her Majesty pass through the gates in her motor car, but in the certainty that in a few minutes, at a very precise moment, I should be walking through the gates and in at the front door, in response to Queen Mary's kind invitation to "take tea" with her.

The invitation was always in the same form. A note would come from Queen Mary to me at Buckingham Palace to say that she would like me to come to Marlborough House to tea at 5 p.m. on a certain day.

She hoped that this would be convenient and would I please telephone at once to her lady-in-waiting. I would do so, and also make a special note of the date in my engagement book.

## Invitation to tea

THIS preciseness is very characteristic of Queen Mary. She is never late for any engagement, public or private, and she expects the same punctuality from others.

I have known her lady-in-waiting to ring me at Buckingham Palace to ask whether I had received a letter which Queen Mary had sent me by hand only two hours before.

Not that there was any likelihood of any letter of hers lying unrecognised and unopened. The name "Queen Mary" was always at the left bottom corner of the envelope.

On the appointed day I would dress with great care. Queen Mary herself is so exquisitely dressed that I always felt that nothing but my very best would do on these occasions.

It is now nearly nineteen years since my first meeting with her, and I have never seen her in a dress that looked as if it had been worn more than once.

She always looks as if she has just "stepped out of a bandbox." Her clothes never show the slightest crease, one reason being that she never lounges in a chair, but always sits upright. And she prefers a hard chair.

Queen Mary's clothes reflect her own steadfastness of style and character. It is not stiffness, but certainly it is dignity, and by her clever use of color she achieves variety, too.

As a young woman she was wise enough to save gifts of materials.

Stored in boxes and carefully catalogued, they have been drawn on for use as she needed them; so that the dress she wears to-day, looking so new and fresh, may easily have been made from material that she has treasured for many years.

That is as true of the magnificent evening dresses, encrusted with jewels, that she wears on State occasions, as of the informal suits and frocks in which she goes shopping, or pays everyday visits.

So when I dressed to go to tea with Queen Mary I was more than careful to be punctual. I would lay out all my things on my bed—flawless stockings, gloves, handkerchiefs, handbag, and shoes. Then I would give myself plenty of time to dress.

Marlborough House is only five minutes' walk from Buckingham Palace, but I always had a haunting fear of being late. Anything, I felt, might happen in that short walk. A street accident, a parade in The Mall, with streets cordoned off. Nothing of the sort ever did happen, but I never felt quite sure that it wouldn't.

*MARION CRAWFORD at tea with her husband, Major George Buthlay, in their Scottish home, in which are many portraits of the Royal Family.*

I would leave the Palace at 4.40 p.m., and exactly at 4.45 p.m. would be standing in The Mall, looking at the gates of Marlborough House. The flag seemed to have a special message for me: Queen Mary was at home, expecting me for tea!

I would gaze across The Mall to the clock on St. James' Palace to make sure that I had made no mistake in the time. Then I would make sure that the gates of Marlborough House were still there, with the sentry and the policeman in their places.

Reassured, but still a little anxious, I would turn and walk slowly up St. James' Street, to stop always at a shop window whose contents I knew by heart.

At 4.50 p.m. precisely I would walk down St. James' Street, across The Mall and into the gateway of Marlborough House, where the policeman, who knew me, and was expecting me, would wave me on.

Then slowly I would walk round the short, curving drive to the front door, which swung open as I came to it, at five minutes to five.

Not until the door was quite open would I see the uniformed footman, who took my coat and carried it as we walked along the corridor, remarking what a nice or nasty day it was for the time of the year.

A long, elegant, straight staircase led up to Queen Mary's private rooms. At the top of the staircase, waiting for me, was Queen Mary's own personal footman, a charming man of quiet dignity, who always welcomed me with a courtly smile.

As I put my foot on the top step, the clock on St. James' Palace would strike five very solemnly, and the footman's eyes and mine would meet in silent appreciation of my perfect timing.

As the last stroke of five died away he would say, "Her Majesty is waiting"—upon which he would open the door to the sitting-room, where Queen Mary stood, facing me.

*Continued on page 34*



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*"Naught is more dear to children than their mother.*
*Sons, love your mother, for there is no love*
*More pure, more sweet."*

Euripides — Erechtheus, Fragment 21.

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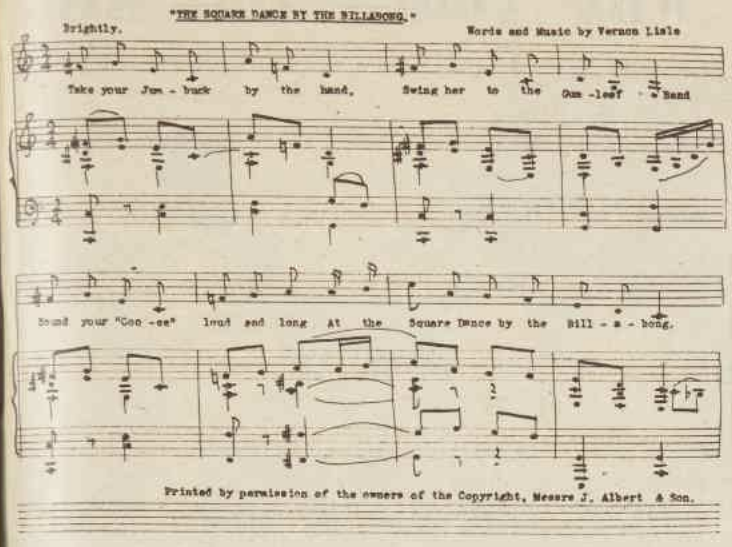
# £6000 Square Dance Contest




*FIRST LINES of the chorus of "The Square Dance by the Billabong" (left). The song will be starred in our £6000 Jubilee Square Dance Contest. It is reproduced here by permission of the owners of the copyright, J. Albert and Son.*

*VERNON LISLE (below), Sydney radio personality, who wrote words and music of "The Square Dance by The Billabong."*

## Special Australian song composed by radio personality

**The Australian Women's Weekly £6000 Jubilee Square Dance Contest will have its own special song. It is "The Square Dance by the Billabong."**

WE have commissioned it for the occasion to preserve the Australian character of the contest.

The composer of "The Square Dance by the Billabong" is Vernon Lisle, studio manager of Sydney broadcasting station 2UW.

J. Albert and Son have published the song in sheet music form. It is now available at music sellers throughout Australia.

The song has been recorded by Fidelity on a double-sided ten-inch disc. On one side "The Square Dance by the Billabong" is played by Bobby Limb and his band, with the vocal by Bobby Limb.

On the other side the song is played by Bobby Limb's band as a square dance tune called by "Smilin'" Billy Blinkhorn.

The records will be available this month at all well-known music retailers and wholesalers.

**In the contest, "The Square Dance by the Billabong" will be an impromptu call, which means that the team has to follow unrehearsed the moves by the caller.**

As all fans know, this is the true test of square dancing.

It will be a "must" in the contest.

Besides "The Square Dance by the Billabong," contestants will be asked to do any one or all of the following three: "Glory Hallelujah (John Brown's Body), "Merry-Go-Round," and "Denver Wagon Wheel."

Directions and calling of these three dances are fully given in Joe Lewis' book, "Square Dancing for New Dancers and New Callers," which has been published by Angus and Robertson and is now on sale in Australia.

Vernon Lisle has been writing music since he was 12, but early in his career he gave away composition as a "heart-breaking business."

Born in Fremantle, Western Australia, he learned violin, composition, and singing, but he put aside dreams of becoming a great conductor when he decided to go on the stage.

His stage career included several years with the Tivoli Circuit and with the Ernest Rolls revues. He was actress Rene Riano's leading man on one of her visits to Australia.

Vernon Lisle has been in radio for 15 years, 14 of them at 2UW.

All through the years of a steady climb in the radio world Vernon Lisle kept turning out music. Sometimes it was to supply a need of the moment at 2UW, sometimes it was a signature tune or a song for an acquaintance.

"One tenor has been singing one of my songs as an encore for years," Vernon said. "He has the only copy—a piece of manuscript—in existence."

The birth of Vernon Lisle's daughter Victoria, since his return from active service with the R.A.A.F. in World War II, stirred him to work on a book of songs for children.

With the birth of his son a year ago, the dedication of the songs became "For Victoria and Christopher."

"The songs have been lying unfinished in my drawer for ages now," he said regretfully. "The past nine months have been rather uphill in the Lisle family.

"Peg, my wife, broke her hip, and the bone is refusing to heal, so she has been in hospital in plaster most of that time.

"At first, because the children were so tiny, I had to put them in a home and a hospital. Even at that age they fretted themselves into 'nerves.'

"Ever since I was able to get them home I've been too busy with my regular job at 2UW and being Mummy and Daddy and cook and laundryman for the kids to think much about the songs.

"But it looks now as though Peg is at last on the mend."

**Joe Lewis, America's top square dance expert, is coming to Australia specially to judge the square dance contest. He popularised square dancing in this country on his visit here last September.**

Aged 33, he is a good-looking Texan with a lively and individual style of calling.

As he will be the sole judge of the contest, publication of his book enables contestants to study his style.

Contestants will pick up many hints, too, from the exhibitions Joe Lewis will give in the capital cities of five States. (See panel on this page for dates.)

Prize-money of £6000 in The Australian Women's Weekly Jubilee Square Dance Contest will be divided as follows:

**Australian Champions** — £3200. (This means that each member of the team of eight will receive £400.)

**State Champions** in each of five States—£400. (£50 for each team member, winning teams still eligible to win the Australian Championship.)

**Second Prize** in each of five States—£100. (£12/10/- for each team member.)

**Third Prize** in each of five States—£60. (£7/10/- for each team member.)

Tasmanians are eligible to compete in the Victorian Championship.

Entries from all States will close on Saturday, June 2.

The winners of each State championship will be given a return trip to Sydney by air and one week's holiday in Sydney at the expense of The Australian Women's Weekly.

They will compete in the Australian championships, to be held in Sydney on Saturday, August 11.

The Australian champion team will be given a fortnight's holiday in Sydney.

Teams will consist of four men and four women. Two emergencies, one man and one woman, must be nominated.

Contestants are required to complete the entry form on page 23 and forward it to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, before June 2, marking the envelope "Jubilee Square Dance Contest."

● **Entry form, page 23.**

## *Square dance exhibitions*

JOE LEWIS will give square dance exhibitions as follows:

**Sydney:** David Jones', June 4-9.

**Melbourne:** Myer Emporium, June 18-23.

**Adelaide:** Myer Emporium, July 2-7.

**Perth:** Boans, July 16-21.

**Brisbane:** Cremorne Theatre, July 30-August 4.

State Championships will be held at:—

**Vic.:** Town Hall, Melbourne, June 23.

**S.A.:** Tivoli Theatre, Adelaide, July 7.

**W.A.:** Anzac House, Perth, July 21.

**Qld.:** Cremorne Theatre, Brisbane, August 4.

**N.S.W.:** Trocadero, Sydney, August 8.

The Australian Championship will be at the Trocadero, Sydney, on August 11.

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# Soldiers who guard the King

SENTRY at Buckingham Palace learns to keep a straight face as well as a straight back.

GUARD BAND strikes up a military air as the Guard leaves Buckingham Palace on being relieved after 24 hours' duty. Life Guards, red coated, and the Royal Horse Guards, the Blues, are responsible for the King's safety.

CROWN EQUERRY, Sir Dermot Kavanagh, in uniform of the Hussars, takes his place when the regiment lines up to take part in the King's Escort for Trooping of the Color, at Horse Guards' Parade

SLOW WALK of new Guard in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace. The old Guard is standing in the background.

TRUMPETERS lead the Household Cavalry (right) in the traditional musical ride at Windsor Castle.



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# Festival visitors will see historic pageantry

THOUGH visitors to London are enjoying the impressive array of exhibits at the Festival of Britain, they still gather in crowds to see the sights that set London apart from any other world capital.

Especially irresistible are the ceremonies of Changing of the Guard and the Trooping of the Color.

As dear to Londoners as Dominions' visitors, these displays of precision drill by crack regiments are part of the very life of London.

Other summertime events will take place as usual during the Festival, which will last until September. These include the British Industries Fair, the Chelsea Flower Show, tennis at Wimbledon, the Antique Dealers' Fair, and the Royal Tournament.

The Royal Family have accepted more than the normal number of public engagements this season, thereby adding to the enjoyment of visitors, who will have opportunities to see them, not only in London but at Festival events throughout England.

*MOUNTED SENTRY on duty at Horse Guards' Parade, Whitehall, attracts even more attention from visitors than the Buckingham Palace sentry. Both horse and rider are trained to remain motionless.*

*LIFE GUARDS on parade awaiting the arrival of their C.O., on this occasion the King's Officer, Lieut. the Marquis of Blandford, before taking over duty at Whitehall.*

*MUSICAL RIDE at Windsor reveals perfect training in precision drill of horses and riders. Here a mounted Life Guard and a Horse Guard take part (below).*

*ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, the Blues, lined up in perfect formation waiting for the relief Guard at Whitehall.*

*CHANGING GUARD. Life Guards arrive to take over from Horse Guards (below). Guards' horses, perfectly matched, must be 16 hands and able to carry 15 stone.*

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# BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

THE HIDDEN FAIRING
By N. Brysson Morrison
I, MY ANCESTOR
By Nancy Wilson Ross

**Having not a drop of Caledonian blood in my veins, I have always held that an author who can force me to read a book sprinkled with Scottish dialect is a good one.**

SUCH an author is N. Brysson Morrison, whose gentle little book "The Hidden Fairing," although it is by no means without its kens, weels, and muckles, will be enjoyed by all who like a quiet, serious story well told.

A member of the noted family of Scottish writers, the author won with his previous novel, "The Winnowing Years," the Frederick Niven Award, granted to the most outstanding contribution to literature by a Scottish writer in 1949.

In welcoming a new boy to his class at a famous Scottish seminary, Father Bernard ("he's all right. We all like him. Much the best") finds out that the new student's name is Bartle—his own name before he entered the priesthood.

This gives Miss Brysson Morrison the cue to take the serene, wise monk back to the remote Highland village from which he came.

To his dour, embittered mother the Bartle who was to become a priest was "always too young and too small." She shared nothing with him, and gave him nothing.

Only the secret communication shared with his strange, ancient grandmother colored his life with affection.

The author tells of his first meeting with Lady Wain, of the Big House, and how it leads to a passionate hero-worship of the whole Wain family that in turn enriches and wrecks his life.

Encouraged by Lady Wain, the crofter's son Bartle wins his way to Glasgow University, where he begins a love affair with her daughter Maysie.

When she shows that her brief acceptance of him was only a passing fancy, Bartle turns his back on the brilliant future opening before him and becomes a village schoolteacher.

Ignoring the outer world, he lives a simple, austere life, finding his pleasures in books, meditation, and his own company.

Love enters his life for the second time when one of his most promising pupils grows to young womanhood.

But an ancient scandal, in which Bartle took the blame to protect a Wain son, ruins the happiness for which he has so long waited.

The small boy who had stood before Father Bernard and said his name was Bartle is the son of the girl the monk had watched grow from childhood to maturity in his Highland classroom.

*"The Hidden Fairing" is published by The Hogarth Press, London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.*

ONE man's search for self - understanding, self-respect, and peace is the theme of Nancy Wilson Ross' very fine novel, "I, My Ancestor."

Philip Stewart is a successful 39, the hard-drinking, back-slapping New York story editor for a Hollywood film company.

Only he knows how often he fights off the question, "What is it all about?" and how close he feels himself to a mental and physical crack-up.

A bad case of concussion puts him in hospital, and at the request of his wife and best friend a psychiatrist is called in to help him.

On his advice Philip seeks out the father he has not seen since his mother's death 24 years ago, when he chose to live with an uncle and aunt.

Tom Stewart, a former labor agitator and now a philosophic hermit, lives on a tiny island off the west coast of America.

Tom is the book's dominant character, and an unforgettable one. Philip arrives at the island hostile, half-patronising,

*NANCY WILSON ROSS.*

half-fearful of the father of whom he has always been secretly ashamed.

Slowly the simple pattern of the old man's life, his understanding and tolerance calm Philip's shattered nerves. The moment comes when he calls him "Dad."

Tom Stewart's neighbors are an artist of near-genius and a woman archaeologist. It is they who eventually send Philip away from the island ready to face up to his former life.

Miss Ross is a writer with deep reserves of knowledge. The book is enriched by some exquisite observations of nature and the habits of birds and animals.

The conversations between Philip and the little European psychiatrist make absorbing reading, and the glimpses of Indian lore—particularly of ghost dancing and magnetic poles—are fascinating.

A former artist, Miss Ross always has one artist in her books. Her feeling for form, color, and detail obviously comes from her early training.

*"I, My Ancestor," is published by W. H. Allen, London. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.*

# Editorial

Vol. 18, No. 49, May 12, 1951

## MOTHERS OF TO-DAY

MOTHER'S DAY on May 13, most loving of modern festivals, brings the focus of attention onto the mothers of the community once again.

*Young mothers, older mothers, grandmothers, and great-grandmothers are the centre of homage.*

But the grandmothers of the young mothers remember a very different life when they first qualified for the proud title.

Then mother's kingdom did not extend beyond the home however far afield her interests carried her. The care of a husband and family was considered a lifetime job.

Though the majority of girls would prefer to devote themselves to their homes, to-day many have to return to their jobs and do their share of earning the household income.

For these young wives the arrival of the first infant produces problems that few mothers of earlier generations faced.

But the age-old emotion of joy at the thought of the coming baby triumphs, and their faces tell you it is the greatest happiness they could have.

Some go back to work when the kiddies reach school age, striving for goals abandoned when the family began. Not a few wait until the children are launched on jobs or careers and then return to work themselves.

*That in the majority of cases this course is forced upon them, not of their own choice but of economic necessity, is a grave defect in our present social system.*

That so many women meet this challenge of the times with courage and physical endurance is true heroism and adds another bright star to the crown of motherhood.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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ARTIST Felix Topolski working on the sketches for the Commonwealth Mural at the Festival. To complete the mural in time for the opening, he worked in an electrically heated suit in winter.

YOUNGEST architect working for the Festival, Gordon Bowyer, looks at plans for the sports pavilion, which he and his wife, Ursula, designed.

POET Laurie Lee, who organised the eccentric inventions' corner, is particularly fond of this exhibit — "Harvey," an Arctic hare who will oblige with "God Save the King" and "Pop Goes the Weasel" on request.

# FESTIVAL *of* BRITAIN

WITH the exhibition on the South Bank of the Thames as the focal point, and the pleasure gardens at Battersea designed for light-hearted entertainment, the Festival of Britain, which opened this month, will show the many-sided life of the British people.

Events have been also arranged throughout Britain in many villages and towns.

Special transport has been provided to whisk guests from the hub of affairs in London to seaside towns and country villages which are providing accommodation for visitors.

The theme of the whole tremendous undertaking is Britain's contribution to civilisation, presented in a manner that is sparkling and gay. The enthusiasts who planned it drew a wealth of talent from the four corners of the earth to put their ideas into practice.

FESTIVAL GUIDES, wearing attractive uniforms, act as interpreters and couriers. Here one of them chats with Chelsea pensioners.

AUSTRALIAN sculptor Arthur Fleischmann with his mermaid "Miranda," centre of the gold-fish pond in the Festival pleasure gardens at Battersea Park. "Miranda" has been cast in bronze.



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they stay brighter longer

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

Representative in Australia for The British Thomson-Houston Company Ltd., England

HAZEL

"Hi."

BUTCH

*"It ain't either full. You can get another scoop in there if you press down hard."*

# It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

SO girls at a Melbourne school are to be allowed to wear slacks in winter. Ah me, how time marches on!

This decision sounds the death knell of the remnants of controversy about slacks.

When a girls' school takes up a fashion you can be pretty sure that it has reached the stage when it will not raise the eyebrow of the oldest inhabitant. (The girls, I hasten to say, cannot wear slacks to and from school.)

In my time we used to play basketball in middies and bloomers, then rather an advanced style. The middies—long, shapeless jumpers— reached to the hip; from there ballooned an expanse of pleated bloomer bulging decorously over the knee-cap.

A regulation three yards of navy-blue twill went into these bloomers, which, as anyone who has ever made a pair of pants from three-quarters of a yard knows, is ample.

We much preferred this rig to our drill tunics, which, at four inches above the knee, topping an expanse of black stocking, were not unattractive. At least they would have been attractive had it not been for the hearty carbohydrate diet traditional in boarding-schools which made most of the little girls as broad as they were long.

But it was the bloomers we liked. They represented emancipation, and we enjoyed the belief that the school trustees regarded them much as school trustees would regard Gypsy Rose Lee to-day.

* * *

WHEN I was in San Francisco a few weeks back on that Press flight, which I described at some length, the members of the Press party were promised gifts of Californian redwood trees.

Though I said thank you politely, I regarded the gift with mixed feelings. Californian redwood trees, the oldest, tallest, and largest trees in the world, grow 300 feet high.

Not only are they unsuitable for a flat, but my friends are all in the 50-foot frontage class, and though I know some optimistic enough to plant one I doubt the neighbors would like it.

So when a parcel arrived last week I viewed it with concern. However, trust the Americans. It turns out to be a thing called a redwood burl, suitable for flat or office.

It's a lump of wood which is part of the trunk of the redwood tree. You place it in half an inch of water, change the water weekly, and scrape lightly with a knife once a month. (I quote from the directions.) In three weeks it begins to sprout, and, if directions are followed, will grow into a plant having the fern-like foliage of the redwood.

I can hardly wait to fill in my date calendar with "change water" and "scrape redwood" reminders. All I hope is that it turns out better than the sweet potato I once put in a jam jar with similar intentions. Something went wrong, and some weeks later I traced it behind a window curtain as the source of a haunting and unpleasant odor.

LLOYDS of London offered odds of 50 to 1 against a full-scale war this year, but sometimes, when you read the statements of supposedly responsible people, you wonder how long it can be averted.

The one made recently by Mr. C. E. Wilson, U.S. Director of Defence Mobilisation, was a corker.

"If the U.S. can delay a decision by Stalin to attack until 1953, he will be a dead duck, and he knows it," Mr. Wilson said.

He had come back from a visit to Wright Field, Ohio, in a state of high jubilation, and remarked that he saw new bombs "that would make fine calling-cards for Joe Stalin and his satellites." He did have the grace to add, "But I hope we never have to use them."

Apart from the quite shocking flippancy of the language of the statement, it seems a pretty silly way to conduct international affairs.

To tell your proposed opponent when you will be ready to fight him hardly seems wise, to put it mildly.

* * *

WHILE his party tottered poor Mr. Attlee has been spending his time in hospital doing jigsaw puzzles.

He wasn't fiddling while Rome burned, but obeying doctor's orders to take his mind off everything in order to cure his ulcer.

Doubtless the doctors know best, but if I had an ulcer (knock wood) I can think of few things more likely to make it worse than jigsaw puzzles.

* * *

*It has long been my contention that*
*the weather forecaster*
*Hasn't sufficient sense of drama, discomfort, or disaster,*
*Couching his prophecies often in accents so mild*
*That they positively drive me wild.*

*I can stand it in summer when all that*
*matters is whether it rains or shines,*
*But winter is the time when the forecasts furrow my brow in irritated lines.*
*"To-morrow," they say, "will be cool." Cool, do you hear?*
*When we know perfectly well it means wrap up like a Russian bear.*

*Later in the winter they sometimes actually use the word "cold."*
*Why don't they show an appreciation of facts and be bold?*
*Announcing, with chattering teeth and a sweeping style,*
*"To-morrow will be loathsome, perishing, and freezing, with westerly winds that are absolutely vile."*

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# Easy ways to train a pup

## Dogs can learn good habits in 4 months

**This article on training dogs is also the sad obituary of a great family pet.**

**Mrs. Diana Mercer, who wrote the article, tells us that after she submitted it her kelpie Hardy was killed by a car.**

*By DIANA MERCER*

PUPPIES are all "darlings" when they are young, and, given the right treatment, they will remain so for the whole of their too short lives.

Treated too indulgently or inconsistently the best of puppies will finally earn the title of "that dratted dog."

Start training a puppy from the moment you get him, teach him in this order to:

- Come when called.
- Refrain from barking.
- Walk at heel when told to.
- Stay home when told to (even if the gate is left open).
- Keep off all soft ground.
- To eat only off his own plate.

By the time he is four months old he should know these basic facts, and will grow to be a friend and companion even if you never teach him any winsome "tricks."

Our kelpie Hardy was an excellent example of the value of early training.

We bought Hardy when our first baby was on the way, and by the time she was crawling he was a responsible, well-trained dog.

He learned first to know exactly where she was, even if he was not actually following her, as he usually did.

We taught him to come and tell us whenever she was near the front gate, and many were the times her ambition to go exploring alone was only foiled by his alertness.

Later, when the breadwinner was working near home, we taught Hardy to go and "get Max" when meals were ready, or when he was wanted on the phone.

Some kittens came into the family when Hardy was about and he lavished great care on them, washing their faces, catching their fleas, and even carrying them about. One of them took a fancy to sleeping on the baby's bed, so we taught Hardy, "Where's that cat?" and he would go and haul it off the bed.

About the time our second baby was born, Hardy took a mate, a stray kelpie who had probably belonged to a drover.

To those who have had little experience in bringing up a dog to be a good-mannered member of the family, I would advise that the pitfalls of canine care come under four headings.

These are:

Overfeeding, underfeeding, lack of patience, and, most important, prevention of wrongdoing as distinct from teaching what is wrong.

There is no hard and fast rule for feeding. Different climates or environments make variations necessary, but one law that should never be broken is "Never offer a dog more than it can eat."

The easy way to know if your dog gets enough to eat is to look at his ribs. If they are just visible (or feelable in the case of a heavy-coated dog) he is getting the right amount of food.

What the dog says about it is neither here nor there, because some dogs will act hungry no matter how much or how often they are fed.

Half the time that eager, hungry look is gratitude for attention, and a little patting and loving is just as much reward as the piece of cake in your hand.

It is wise to control the impulse to feed your dog while you are eating. It only makes him pester you for titbits of food, mostly unsuitable, and if you never feed him while you are eating he won't expect it and will cease to worry you. But you have to be strict with yourself and with kindly visitors.

Underfeeding is easy to detect because the dog becomes thin, anxious, and dull coated. In this event vary the type of food slightly and give three meals instead of two. If he still seems underfed, he probably has worms, and needs an overhaul by a veterinary surgeon. Often in the case of an old dog a tonic will work wonders, but that is a matter for the vet.

Now, in the matter of puppy training it is so easy to do it the right way that it is amazing how few dogs really get a chance to grow as lovable as they should be.

To start with, you must have patience. Dogs have no sense of time as we know it, and teaching a dog to hurry is a matter for the grown dog, not the puppy.

### Teach them "No"

YOU must keep on and on and on with the same lesson until it is properly learned. With a two months' old puppy three or four minutes of teaching is plenty at a time, but repeat the dose as often as the mistake is made.

The first word to teach them is "no." This can be applied to house manners, walking on the garden, stealing slippers, to give a few examples. Your dog will provide you with many more.

Enforce the "no" with a thump from a rolled-up newspaper, but always make sure you land the thump.

Never make a wild swipe which the pup can dodge, because that way you teach him that running away will help to avoid punishment.

Start from the beginning speaking in a quiet voice, and you will never have to shout. It is just as easy to teach obedience to a soft voice as to an angry shout.

The greatest of all mistakes in training your dog to become a model citizen is to prevent him by force from doing something, instead of teaching him not to do it.

It is quick and easy to tie or lock a dog up, but if you do you will never be able to go out without tying or locking him up.

If you take the time to teach him not to come when you say "No, you can't come," you will never need to humiliate him by using force.

This rule applies to digging in the garden, chasing vehicles, and all the other crimes in the canine calendar.

Tying or locking up is an excellent corrective punishment, but it is only an adjunct to teaching. It does not actually teach a dog anything.

You should issue the order and speak crossly if it is disobeyed. Then, if the dog is stubborn, smack him and tie him up for 10 minutes.

Let him off and go through the whole performance again until he gets the idea that if he disobeys he will be tied up.

It does take time to train a dog properly, but it is time well spent, because a dog that has to be tied up to enforce obedience is always just a tame animal, whereas a dog educated to obey a command is your companion, and develops greater intelligence.

Such bad habits as chasing cars, stealing shoes, and digging in the garden are often the result of boredom, and you should always see that your dog has his own toys.

If he loves your slippers, give him an old pair, and when he takes your new one exchange it for one of his until he gets the idea that he may chew his but not yours.

It DOES work, and most dogs will soon get into the way of keeping their toys in one place. Most dogs can be trained to be far tidier than junior ever will be.

A bone hung at nose level with a stout wire will give a puppy endless amusement, so will a sock filled with paper or fibre and a fairly large ball.

However, the best way to keep a dog happy is to give him work to do.

If there are youngsters in the house, teach him, as we taught Hardy, to be with them and to look for them by name.

*FATHER AND SON. Faithful kelpie Hardy owned by Mrs. M. G. Mercer, of Ipswich, Queensland, and one of his family of 63 pups. He was killed by a car after Mrs. Mercer had submitted the article published on this page.*

*WATCHING the Mercer children on the beach was one of the most important jobs entrusted to Hardy and his mate Fizie. Here they are on guard together.*


How to use perfume skilfully

There's more to the art of using perfume than sprinkling a little on your handkerchief — even if it's Evening in Paris! Perfume should be used *directly* on your skin, seldom if ever on your clothes.

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*Evening in Paris*

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# Catherine Gaskin serial starts next week

## Young Australian novelist finds success in London

**Next week we shall begin publication in serial form of "All Else Is Folly," the fourth novel of 22-year-old Australian author Catherine Gaskin.**

**Catherine Gaskin, who comes from Coogee, N.S.W., is now living in London in a two-roomed flat with her 25-year-old sister, Moira ("Pip").**

CATHERINE is now engaged on her fifth novel, and Pip, who is a cripple, is writing her second.

Catherine works at week-ends in a small office at the top of Collins Publishing House in St. James' Square.

"Since Pip has become an author there's no room for two writers in our flat," she told one of our London staff. "That is why I borrow the office when the staff have gone home or are away."

There is something touching about the devotion Catherine shows Pip.

Nearly every day Catherine borrows classical records from a free lending library.

"Pip and I are both passionately fond of music," she said.

Catherine recently obtained a driving licence so that she could take Pip into the country, but she was too late.

"I can't afford to buy a car now since purchase tax has doubled and petrol has gone up in the new Budget," she said.

"It makes motoring too costly for us."

Catherine's industriousness is the real secret of her success.

"I have to force myself to write," she said. "It is sheer drudgery.

"But I love working out the construction of my novels. I always know my ending before I begin. Thinking up the story is easy and the part I enjoy."

Catherine types her novels staight on to the machine. She took a six weeks' course in typing at a commercial college.

"All Else Is Folly" took 10 months to write.

"But I worked on the story, developing it, from the time I came to England nearly three years ago," she said.

"The impact of England was so strong when I arrived that it gave me the idea for the novel.

"Australians, like Americans, get a new perspective on life when they arrive in England and observe all the old traditions."

"Harper's Bazaar" magazine is publishing "All Else Is Folly" in America.

Catherine went to the U.S. in October last year to arrange publication there.

"They said they wanted young English writers who would be productive," said Catherine.

Catherine certainly is productive.

Since her first novel, "This Other Eden," was published in 1946 when she was only 17, she has written steadily.

"All Else Is Folly" is now being serialised in England and Canada.

It has already earned her £1500, and she expects the final figure will be £2000.

*CATHERINE GASKIN.*

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Comme vous pouvez l'imaginer, mon travail de mannequin pour Lanvin et Nina Ricci demandait un maquillage parfait.

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E. Evrard

*Translation*

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| | |
| EMERGENCY | |

STATE

*Complete this entry form and forward it to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, before June 2, marking envelope, "Jubilee Square Dance Contest."*

Here are the conditions of the contest:

1. There is no entry fee.

2. Dancing teachers are NOT eligible to enter.

3. This contest is open to all dancers in Australia other than as stated in paragraph 2.

4. Please underline on entry form the name of the team captain, to whom all communications will be addressed.

5. Entry from any team member under the age of 21 must be accompanied by written permission of parent or guardian.

6. Each entry form must be accompanied by the following declaration signed by all team members: "In the event of winning a State championship, we are agreeable to travelling to Sydney for one or two weeks, with air transport and hotel expenses paid by The Australian Women's Weekly, to compete in the National Championship."

7. The judge's decision will be final and no communication will be entered into regarding his decision.


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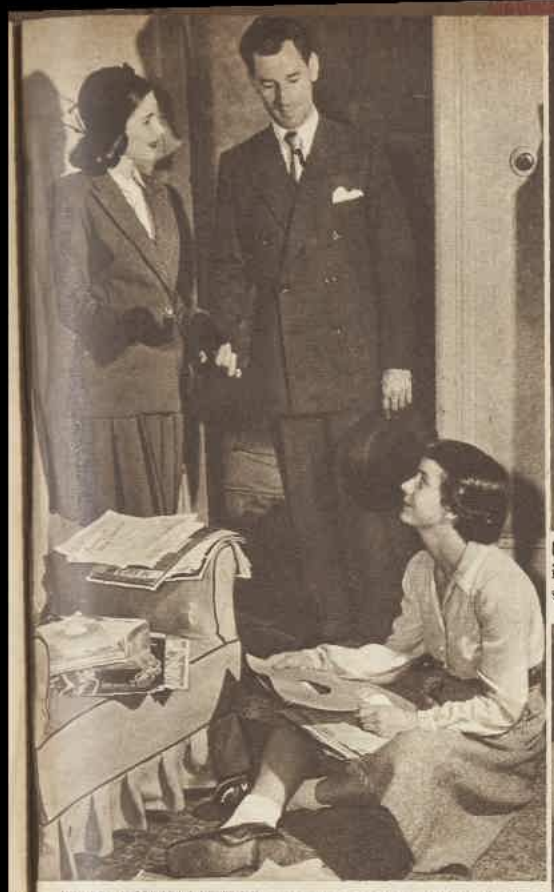

**IT IS HUMILIATING** for you to be introduced to your sister's escort as her "baby sister." Now that you are growing up you are entitled to equality.

# Sister act

● **Living under the same roof as your older or younger sister can sometimes be difficult. But if you both exercise consideration there's no difficulty that can't be overcome.**

**Remember that ordinary courtesy brings about harmony, and harmony is the basis of friendship. So, if you and your sister have been finding the going heavy lately, try a little thoughtfulness. You will find that you and your sister will soon be firm friends.**

**HELPING YOURSELF** to your older sister's clothes is taboo, even if they are temptingly smart. She is sure to catch you at it and there will be a scene.

**INTRUDING** while your sister is entertaining her friends will make you unpopular with her. Be co-operative and she will give you similar consideration.

**ADMIRATION** from your older sister is something you will enjoy receiving, so accept her advice on clothes or behaviour in good part.

**CONFIDENCES** exchanged between you and your sister can be fun and are a means to better understanding of each other. But be a sympathetic listener, not an eager critic.

## How good a Shirt Shopper are you?

**Heaven help anyone** who tries to talk you into a cotton dress that won't launder up like new! But honestly, when it comes to buying your good husband's shirts – do you know what adds up to the best looks, fit and wear for *him* – easiest ironing for you? If you can answer these questions correctly – lady, you know your shirts . . .

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THERE'S SO MUCH FOR EVERYBODY TO READ IN THIS MONTH'S

A.M

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A.M.
THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY

**Our doctor discusses—**

# Allergic children: Parents can endanger them

**The allergic child is no figment of the medical imagination, but is often the tragic victim of hereditary and environmental forces.**

**The focal point of domestic distress, the allergic child's behaviour ultimately reacts upon the parents, as theirs reacts upon it.**

*ASTHMATIC COUGHING terrifies the child and alarms the mother, often making her over-protective.*

ASTHMA, a cruel allergy, is one of the oldest known diseases, although it was not until early in the present century that its allergic nature was understood.

It is now generally recognised that several factors operating together may produce an allergy. These are, in the allergic child, inheritance, the presence of allergens, psychological conflict, mucous membrane sensitivity and physical disease. But while these factors are all present they may vary greatly in degree in each case. In some the hereditary factor is most marked, in others the psychological conflict may predominate, while in others again tissue sensitivity or the presence of gross physical disease seems to play the chief etiological role. For this reason all these factors must be weighed and considered before any plan of treatment is undertaken.

Hereditary influence may show itself in the allergic child of parents who themselves may have suffered from hay-fever, asthma, or urticaria (a localised dropsy). On the other hand, what would seem like hereditary influence may be an example of unconscious imitation on the part of the young child.

## Over-protection

THERE can be no doubt that the psychological factor plays a big part in the lives of most allergic children. This factor by itself is often greater than all the other factors put together. Indeed, the majority of allergic children are over-anxious and insecure; and if parents are themselves over-anxious and insecure, it is natural for the child to show the same reaction.

Over-protection by the parents can come about in several ways. The child may have been very much wanted, and born perhaps after years of infertility, or it may be the only surviving child. On the other hand, it may have been an unwanted child, the attitude of whose mother is over-protective in an unconscious effort to compensate for her hostility and aggression towards it. The assuaging of unconscious guilty feelings on the part of the mother frequently engenders an over-protective attitude.

Then, again, the child's helplessness in sickness, whether it be croup, diphtheria, bronchitis, or any other childish illness, is likely to stir the maternal feelings and induce a state of over-protection. Finally, into a psychological soil well prepared by over-protection and feelings of anxiety comes the allergic attack. The child awakens one night in a wheezing struggle for breath.

An attack of asthma is a terrifying experience to a young child. There can be few things more frightening than the fear of suffocation, the dread of not getting one's breath. And at times like this it is natural for the child, in its helpless plight, to cling to its parents; and it is equally natural for the parents, disturbed as they must be, to do all they can to comfort the child—even to the development of an over-protective attitude.

This secondary over-protectiveness, based upon the natural reaction to a child's suffering, does not explain the origin of the initial attack of asthma, but it goes a long way to further the recurrence of such attacks once they have been started by the combination of factors already referred to, and perhaps others not yet discovered.

The allergens to which different individuals are sensitive are too numerous to mention, but the commonest are household dust, fluff from rugs and carpets, kapok, horse dander, feathers, pollens from certain grasses, and the common proteins of ordinary diet. Why some people, including young children, are pathologically sensitive to these simple things remains unknown.

An inflamed and damaged mucous membrane, especially in the nasal passages, the throat, and the bronchial tubes, often becomes a sensitised area ripe for allergic reaction. This may be caused by repeated infection, chronically septic tonsils, congenital malformation, or any other type of low-grade irritation, aided and abetted by poor nutrition and vitamin deficiency.

Before treating an allergic child it is nearly always necessary to clear the ground with parents of several misconceptions which, in the course of time, and in the absence of any true knowledge of the ultimate cause of the allergy, have grown up and spread with the tenacity of fallacious beliefs. In the first place, it is wise to make it clear that there is no specific remedy for this condition, and it is idle to expect permanent results from the administration of drugs alone.

## Climate fallacy

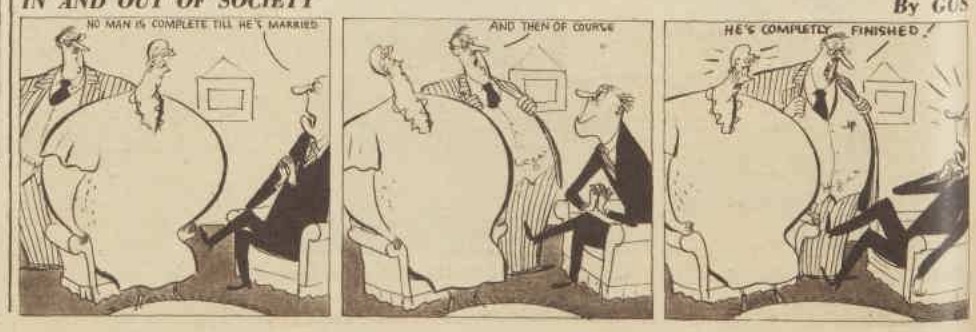
ANOTHER fallacy concerns climate, which, in fact, has little, if anything, to do with the production of an allergy. The only climate which is likely to act adversely upon the allergic child is the emotionally charged atmosphere of the home.

A much more dangerous belief is that the child will "grow out" of his trouble in adolescence. Some children do seem to improve at this time; but it seldom pays to wait and see; for in the meantime an irreversible pathological state in the shape of chronic bronchitis or emphysema (a lung disorder) may have developed, thus sealing a curable condition into one of chronic invalidism.

Some parents are reasonable and will admit their faults. Others are unreasonable and steadfastly refuse to see that their handling of the child is wrong or that it has anything to do with the child's allergic state. With some, therefore, success may be obtained by inducing the parents to adopt a less solicitous attitude to the child and allow it to find a greater sense of independence. This may sound simple; but it requires tact and considerable psychological understanding to win the confidence of an anxious and dependent child and to encourage it to forgo the over-charged mother love that damped its anxiety and gave it a feeling of confidence that was otherwise completely lacking.

Failure, with the prospect of ultimate invalidism, is almost certain to follow any treatment by drugs or desensitisation unless due attention is paid to the psychological components of the illness. There are no short-cuts and no quick-fire methods of treating the allergic child. But if treatment takes six or even 12 months, it will have been worth the effort to relieve an illness so tragic to a young child.

*IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY* — By GUS



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# Worth Reporting

A UNIQUE "marriage qualification" course has to be passed by both partners to a wedding before the Rev. Dr. Kenneth Welles, of Albany (New York), will agree to officiate, says our New York office.

Dr. Welles, head of one of New York State capital's biggest Presbyterian churches, has even refused to marry people he hasn't considered "suited."

"When I marry them, I like to think that they stay married," he told one of our New York staff.

Divorces among couples married in his church have been less than 1 per cent. in ten years.

Dr. Welles likes to meet the prospective couple at least six months before the wedding. He invites them to his home, where the three discuss the future.

"I try to set something of a pattern for them," Dr. Welles said. "Don't think I'm a dictator or something like that. What I try to get each of them to do is reveal what they expect to find in the future."

Dr. Welles talks to them separately on sex, and recommends books for them to read. When the wedding date approaches he speaks to them on this subject together.

He has frequently influenced couples to postpone marriage. Some come back later, but others find that the test of just a little more time is too much.

* * *

A *FRIEND who has been placed on a strict diet has no difficulty in obeying the stern injunction that she must not eat eel.*

### Help for the deaf

OUR paragraph on lip-reading in the issue of April 7 prompted Mrs. Dorothy Jackson, secretary of the Australian Association for Better Hearing, to write that the association has branches in each State and club-rooms where lip-reading is taught and practised. Addresses are available from her at 24 Carr Street, Waverton, N.S.W., phone XA1300.

"Lip-reading is most easily learned when the hearing loss is ligfit, but it is worth while learning it at any stage of deafness," Mrs. Jackson says. She adds that Mr. J. Hounslow Burchett's book, "Lip-reading," is available at all branches.

*"Oh, please, Helen! Let's not even THINK about what's in it!"*

### Public woman believes home comes first

ALTHOUGH she is a hard worker for many Australian and world causes, and has definite ideas on the value of women in public life, Mrs. Harry Daly believes that women with husbands and families should make care of the home their first consideration.

Mrs. Daly is at present in the United States for a few weeks, representing Australia at the fifth session of the United Nations Status of Women Commission. The chief of the Commission is another Australian, Mrs. Mary Tenison Woods, a close friend of Mrs. Daly.

Mrs. Daly would like to see more women holding responsible positions in the United Nations.

"Few women hold high positions at Lake Success," she said. "Eleanor Roosevelt and the Swedish sociologist Alva Myrdal are exceptions."

She thinks the Commission on which she is serving at UNO really achieves something.

"Its recommendations are forwarded to the Economic and Social Commission, which, with few exceptions, sends them forward to the General Assembly," she said. "From there they go forward to the Governments of member countries for individual legislation."

* * *

WE *liked the reply of Mme. Auriol, wife of the French President, when she was asked at a New York press conference how she managed to look so young at 54.*

*According to our New York office, attractive Mme. Auriol laughed, threw up her hands, and said: "C'est Paris!"*

### Urchin cut on way out

LONG hair dressed upwards, and hats sitting forward on the brow are the fashion trends Mr. E. Morris Price, director of E. Lucas and Co., and his head designer, Beatrice Davies, noted on an eight weeks' round-the-world tour.

They took in Paris, London, Italy, New York, San Francisco, and Los Angeles before returning to Melbourne.

"Parisian women are letting their urchin cuts grow and are using chignons," Mr. Price said.

"Paris leads for originality and chic, but New York fashions are more adaptable to Australian conditions," is Miss Davies' summing-up.

"Everyone in Los Angeles seems to be well dressed," she said, "and older women looking years younger than their age were as attractive as their daughters.

"Negro women were very fashion conscious and dressed well, though they chose brighter colors and more exaggerated lines."

### From a family album

SOME of the tender grace of a day that is gone surrounds this story of a Victorian romance sent to us by Mrs. B. Burke, of Ripponlea, near Melbourne.

She writes: "When I left England 40 years ago I brought with me some photos from the family album. One was a tiny picture, three inches by two inches, of my grandmother in a voluminous ballgown. The gown was very familiar. Its beautiful material made party frocks for me and my two sisters. Written on the back of the picture, which is just about 100 years old, are sixteen lines of verse, inscribed in exquisite copperplate by my grandfather, Sydney Grafton."

The first eight were apparently written while grandpapa was courting grandmama. Later he added eight more after many years of married life.

Here are four of them:

*"God bless thee, my wife,*
*many years have pass'd bye*
*Since these lines were first*
*pen'd, since this heart did*
*first sigh*
*For the treasure it sought and*
*now calls its own*
*The joy of my life, the pride*
*of my home."*

## My favorite poem

***Here are lines from the favorite poem of Mrs. L. E. Nicholson, Naremburn, W.A. Send us your favorite verse or short poem.***

*Ah, fill the Cup; what boots it to repeat*
*How Time is slipping underneath our feet:*
*Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday,*
*Why fret about them if to-day be sweet?*
*One Moment in Annihilation's waste,*
*One Moment of the Well of Life to taste—*
*The Stars are setting and the Caravan*
*Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste!*

**—From Rubaiyat of the Persian poet Omar Khayyam, translated by Edward Fitzgerald.**


**You can say "yes" to Romance**

*because*

**Tact says "no" to Offending!**

***Tact says "no" to perspiration worry and odour!*** Soft as a caress . . . exciting . . . new — Tact is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Tact is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Tact stops underarm odour instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. And Tact lasts and lasts — from bath to bath!

***Tact says "no" to harming skin and clothes!*** So effective . . . yet so gentle — Colgate's lovely cosmetic deodorant, Tact, is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, your most fragile fabrics. For Tact alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive, new ingredient to make Tact safer. No other deodorant can be like Tact!

**COLGATE'S Tact**

THE NEW COSMETIC DEODORANT

*to safeguard your charm!*

IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE

VA/100



**FREE TRAVEL ON TRAMS?**

**Unless precautions are taken by the various Tramways Boards throughout Australia, it may be much cheaper to travel on trams this winter. During winter, of course, many people—including tram conductors—become painfully afflicted with sore throats. This makes it difficult to speak—and so tram conductors are unable to demand, in their usual authoritative voice "Fez pliz." In the interests of Tramway finances, the Tramway Board could do worse than supply their conductors and conductresses with Allen's CURE-'EM-QUICK during the winter months. For instant relief of sore throats and coughs, always use Allen's CURE-'EM-QUICK.**





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WED AT ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Boggs with their attendants, Darcy Foy, Mrs. Mac Winchester, Horrie Noland, Mrs. Mel Lawton, Theo McMahon, and Barrie Sullivan. The bride, formerly Elizabeth Lovelock, is the youngest daughter of Mrs. E. A. Lovelock, of Bellevue Hill. The groom is the only son of Mrs. K. Boggs.

WAGGA JUBILEE. Miss Elizabeth Northcott dancing with F/Lt. Russell Nash, A.D.C. to the Governor, Sir John Northcott, at the Vice-Regal Ball during Wagga Commonwealth Jubilee Celebrations.

FELLOW TRAVELLERS from England on the Stratheden were Helen Reed (left), of Woollahra, and Marion Graham-Smith, of Mosman. Marion is engaged to Londoner John Wacher, who will arrive here soon.

# Social Gottings

**WHEN Admiral Kinkaid retired from the U.S. Navy early last year he and Mrs. Kinkaid settled into a "typical town house" in Washington and decorated it with curios collected on their wide travels.**

But when they were invited to visit Australia as guests of the Federal Government and the Australian-American Association for the Jubilee and Coral Sea Battle Celebrations, they were delighted to leave their retirement to make the trip.

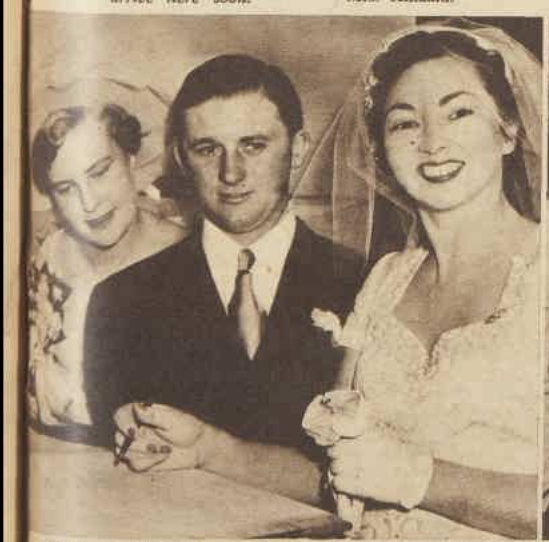
They are thoroughly enjoying the visit, despite their busy round of official engagements.

"Our time is so fully occupied I hardly know what we are doing more than two days ahead," said Mrs. Kinkaid.

A keen golfer, Mrs. Kinkaid has played on more golf courses than she can remember, in many parts of the world. She enjoys the game particularly in Canada, which she and the Admiral like to visit in the summer.

• • •

HEAR that popular English cricket captain Freddie Brown was the star turn of the Orontes fancy-dress dance while on the way home to England. He pranced into the dining-saloon in a grass skirt and did a haka round the tables.



SIGNING REGISTER. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Pye in the vestry of St. Brigid's, Coogee, with bridesmaid Mary Moore. The bride, formerly Noreen Moore, only daughter of Mrs. Rita Moore, of Coogee, is a well-known polocrosse player. The bridegroom is the grazier son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Pye, of Darling Point.

TEST CRICKETER Jim Burke and his fiancee, Barbara Hogbin, between dances at the Abbotsleigh Old Girls' Ball at the Trocadero. The couple first met, while still at school, on the hockey field when a Sydney Grammar School team played a team from Abbotsleigh.

CHAT between dances was enjoyed by, left, P/O J. Burns, Helen Cusack, and F/O and Mrs. V. Meakin at the Wagga Vice-Regal Ball. Programme of celebrations was spread over a week and included an air pageant.

THREE New Australians were among the thirteen debutantes presented to Lieutenant-General Gordon Bennett at the annual ball of the Totally and Permanently Disabled Soldiers' Association at the Grace Auditorium. They were Janis Sheheglow, Galina Pelageicheba, and Anna Maichevsky. All three are on the staff of Concord Repatriation Hospital. Songs by Alan Coad and novelty prizes handed out by compere Hal Lashwood provided additional entertainment at the ball.

• • •

A FORTNIGHT'S visit to her relative, Viscount Alexander, of Hillsborough, at his Colchester home, will conclude twelve months' travel for Sister Marion Chapple, who has successfully combined nursing and sightseeing in Switzerland, Austria, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries. Marion, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Chapple, of Dee Why, sails for home in the Rangitiki in June. She considers the highlights of her tour the few months she spent at the Fredricksberg Hospital, Copenhagen, and describes sleigh-riding in Oslo as "an unforgettable experience."

• • •

CLASSICAL gown of silver brocade was worn by Marie McCowage at her wedding to Dr. John Westphalen at All Hallows, Fivedock. Marie and John are spending their honeymoon touring N.S.W. by car.

• • •

IT does not seem long since Pat Fuller returned from her last extensive trip abroad, and now she is off again, this time to Paris. A last-minute cancellation gave Pat a berth in Orion, and she spent a hectic ten days packing trunks and coping with formalities before the ship sailed. She has New Zealand friend Diana Buddo as travelling companion. Pat will spend twelve months at the Sorbonne studying French language and literature. She will live in a college attached to the University.

WRITING from Nice, on the French Riviera, Mrs. Douglas Swanson gives an enthusiastic account of the famous Battle of Flowers which she and her husband saw during their stay. Sunny weather made a glorious setting for the procession of beflowered carriages laden with French beauties. Mr. and Mrs. Swanson will include Milan, Geneva, and Paris in their European itinerary before returning to London.

• • •

FAREWELL lunch at Romano's was given to Lorraine Stephenson, of Strathfield, by her three sisters—Mrs. Garth Hay, of Rose Bay; Mrs. Norman Lennon, of Strathfield; and Loretta Stephenson, of Strathfield. Lorraine is travelling to Port Moresby on the Bulolo to spend six months' holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Theo Jaggers.

• • •

BRIEFLY: After having toured the Continent by car, Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Hilliar will return to Australia next month in Oronsay. Dr. Hilliar has been doing special studies in England for the past two years . . . Sailing enthusiast Alan Kemmis and his bride, formerly Marjorie McMahon, of Mosman, are honeymooning in Fiji before moving into their home at Cremorne . . . The A. H. McCutchans, formerly of Melbourne, have settled into their new home on Pentecost Highway, overlooking the Pymble golf course. They celebrated their establishment in Sydney with a housewarming party . . . Recently engaged Muriel McAllister, of "Delbaux," Finley, and Wallace Graham, of "The Bluff," Manilla, will marry next year, and probably will live in Hay.

Anne



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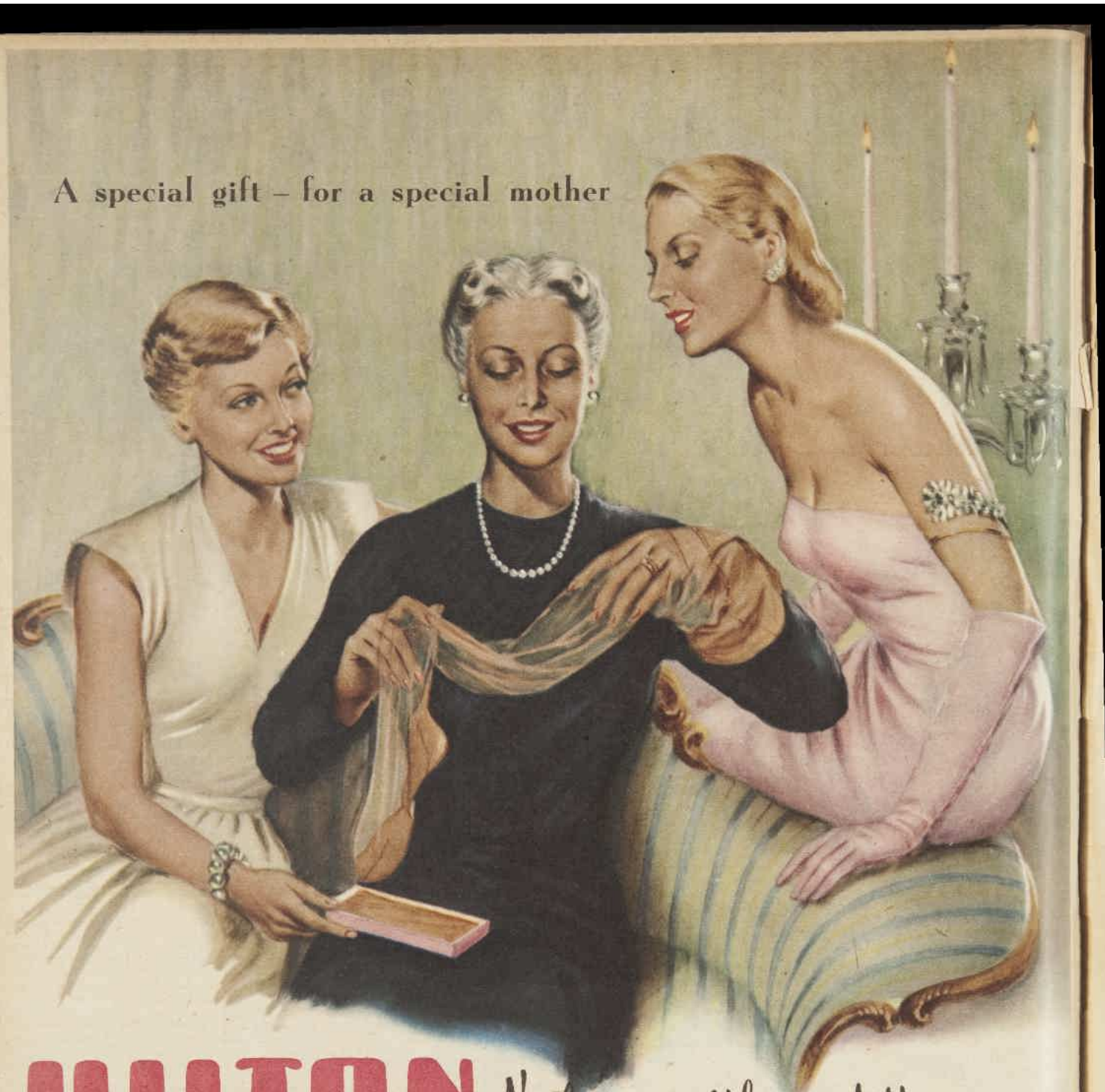
A special gift – for a special mother

# HILTON Nylons with a difference

**HILTON** "IS" a special gift for Mother . . . . . .

★ Because **HILTON** nylons are styled "right" for distinctive appearance

★ Because expert design ensures that **HILTON** nylons fit better

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## HILTON Full Fashioned Nylons



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Chosen for Beauty..

COLES Starlet COSMETICS

ON SALE AT
COLES
STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA


# Dress Sense by Betty Keep

● If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE answer below is to help a young girl plan a new party dress.

**"I would like you to design a present popular style for a teen-ager of 17. The frock is to wear at parties. I want the style easily made, and yet want it pretty and feminine. I want the skirt day-length."**

A design for the dress you wrote me about is sketched on this page. The bodice top is black velveteen, the white net ruffled skirt is made over a white taffeta slip. Short black gloves and black pumps complete the ensemble.

"FROGS" made in narrow black braid.

## Evening jacket trims

**"WOULD you please offer a suggestion for some type of fancy closing for a red taffeta evening jacket?"**

Have you decided yet on the neckline for your evening jacket? If not, a mandarin collar underlined by "frog" closings would be decorative and new. As the jacket is red, have black braid for the "frogs" matched up to a black lining. If you don't like this idea, very large ornamental buttons are also current trim.

## Stoles for evening

**"I WANT a suggestion for a light evening wrap to be worn indoors only. I mainly wear black. So what color do you recommend?"**

A stole is the garment for you. It can be both graceful and comforting, and is very much in fashion. A stole - shawl is chic; or a very new and amusing design is a stole continuing down to form sleeves, the sleeves continued into gloves. More practical and quite simple to make is a straight stole (wool, lined in taffeta) about 14in. wide. Emerald-green, deep amber, ruby-red are all excellent color accents for black.

## Semi-formal dress

**"IS black velveteen being worn this season, or is a color newer looking? I am thinking of having a dress for semi-formal occasions and thought velvet would be nice."**

Both velvet and velveteen will be very popular for the coming season. Black velvet with white accents is particularly good, so is navy with white accents. In the color range, ruby-red and violet are newest. About design, you might consider a simple shirt-frock (black) finished with cuffs and exaggerated lapels of white organdie. A halter dress with matching fitting bolero (navy) finished with a white satin bow at the neckline would also be smart. More formal would be black velvet veiled in white lace, the scallop edge of lace stopping short a few inches below the bodice top and well above the hemline. The design itself could have a strapless bodice, fitted waistline, and fullish skirt — street-length.

PRETTY party dress for a teen-age girl.


BE IMMUNE* FROM COLDS TEN DAYS FROM NOW

Here is the common sense way to avoid the common cold—and influenza. You catch these miserable complaints because your natural resistance is too low. Reinforce these protective powers with Anti-Bi-San Tablets. They provide preventive ingredients for absorption into the blood stream. Take Anti-Bi-San for three days only. After seven days you will normally be immune from infection for three months. There are no disturbing after-effects. Ask your chemist for

'ANTI-BI-SAN'
COLD AND INFLUENZA PREVENTIVE TABLETS
11⅓ Adult, 9/- Child

* The results are successful in a high percentage of cases. Anti-Bi-San 3-day treatment will, after seven days, normally provide immunity from infection for three months.

Write for leaflet to Sole Distributors:
Fassett & Johnson Ltd.
36/40 Chalmers St., Sydney, N.S.W.



New Asthma and Bronchitis Discovery

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Quickly, Mendaco—the famous scientific prescription—circulates through the blood, quickly relieving the attacks. The very first day the strangling congestion is dissolved, thus giving free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No dopes, no smoke, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and be relieved from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely satisfy or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Arrests Asthma ★ Bronchitis ★ Hay Fever



Doctors Prove Palmolive Soap can bring YOU . . . a lovelier complexion in 14 days!

You too CAN LOOK FOR THESE COMPLEXION IMPROVEMENTS IN 14 DAYS

- Fresher, brighter complexion!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness and smoothness!
- Fewer tiny blemishes — incipient blackheads!
- Complexion clearer, more radiant!

Not just a promise but a proved plan!

THIS IS ALL YOU DO:

Wash your face with Palmolive soap. Then, for 60 seconds, massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect. Begin it to-day!

Regular size, 5d.
Economy Bath Size, 7½d.

P1/161


# Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"RUTH."—A smart dress and jacket ensemble designed to flatter the larger figure. The material is satin-backed rayon marocain available in Junior navy, Monk brown, dark navy, and black. The dress and jacket are obtainable separately.

**Ready To Wear:** Dress. Sizes, 38 and 40in. bust, 92/6; 42 and 44in. bust, 95/11.

**Cut Out Only:** Dress. Sizes, 38 and 40in. bust, 72/3; 42 and 44in. bust, 75/6.

**Ready To Wear:** Jacket. Sizes, 38 and 40in. bust, 50/6; 42 and 44in. bust, 52/11.

**Cut Out Only:** Jacket. Sizes, 38 and 40in. bust, 38/3; 42 and 44in. bust, 40/6.

+ + +

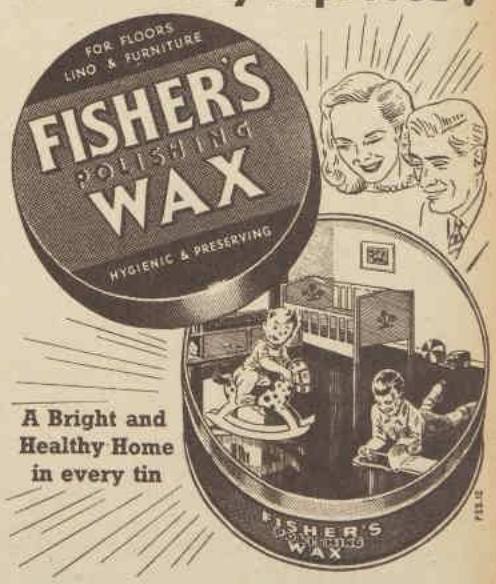
"DEANNA."—Trim one-piece tennis dress made in good quality white cotton pique.

**Ready To Wear:** Sizes, 32 and 34in. bust, 54/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 56/11.

**Cut Out Only:** Sizes, 32 and 34in. bust, 40/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 41/11.

*NOTE: Please make a second color choice of "Ruth." C.O.D. orders not accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address shown on page 62.*


Now Greatly Improved !

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# PARIS BY NIGHT

★ ***Here are seven new evening gowns from the Paris Collections showing top-ranking designers' latest silhouettes for spring and summer evenings.***

*Photographs taken specially for us by Alec Murray*

JACQUES GRIFFE designs a slim, elegant evening gown, left, in patterned chiffon. The swathed hipline finishes with a long looped sash at the back.

PIERRE BALMAIN'S version of the apron dress, above, is a new line for spring. Mother-of-pearl shells in sea-shell pattern are used for exquisite trim.



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THE APRON THEME is used romantically above in a tartan taffeta dress designed by Maggy Rouff. The bodice top is strapless, the full underskirt is of white organza over many layers of stiffened net.

STIFF SATIN makes a picturesque model, above, with a lavish floor-sweeping skirt which divides at the back. The topless bodice is finished with an enormous bunch of multi-colored spring flowers. Model by Schiaparelli.

STOLES continue their popularity. Above, Paquin combines taffeta and organza and an outsize bunch of Parma violets.

NEW slim silhouette, at left, has fullness taken to the back in a long looped panel. Model by Maggy Rouff.

ROBERT PIGUET gown in pink taffeta has matching stole, right. The topless bodice is built up over the bosom by swathings.

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**S.R. Toothpaste**

**does much more than help stop decay**

**IT PROTECTS YOUR GUMS**

It is not enough to use a toothpaste or powder that merely helps stop decay. Your gums must be protected, too. S.R. Toothpaste is especially prepared both to help stop decay and *protect your gums.* S.R. contains Sodium Ricinoleate, an ingredient often used for the treatment of unhealthy gums. For sparkling teeth in firm, *healthy gums,* use S.R. Toothpaste.

CARES FOR GUMS, HELPS STOP DECAY
. . . S.R. WORKS THE DOUBLE WAY

S.R.50.WW122g.



*Oh! this distressing 'flu!*

Heat is Nature's method of relieving pain—and Wawn's Wonder Wool, a medicated cotton wool, is the proven method of creating "inner heat." A pad of Wawn's Wonder Wool provides welcome relief to winter colds, influenza, bronchitis and sore throats. It provides a full flow of energising blood to the affected area—relieves congestion quickly, conveniently, without drugs. *All chemists and stores.*

**WAWN'S WONDER WOOL**

*for Chest Colds, Chills, Sciatica, Neuritis and Flu!*

2W22


# Queen Mary

*Continued from page 13*

*FAMILY SNAPSHOT of the Duke and Duchess of Teck and their children, in 1870. Queen Mary is in the goat cart on the right.*

I WOULD curtsy to her as soon as I entered the room. Then this smiling, gracious lady would step forward to welcome me with a handshake.

I would curtsy again and kiss her hand, with which she raised me so that she could kiss my cheek. A third curtsy completed the formal but to me very delightful greeting.

"Let us have tea first, and then we can have a talk," Queen Mary would say, walking with me from the sitting-room, hung with grey-blue silk, to a smaller and very lovely room where tea had been laid on a little round table. In summer this table stood near a window, in winter near the fire.

Queen Mary's tea table, although I saw it often, never failed to give me a thrill of pleasure as soon as I entered the room.

The table was covered with an exquisite linen cloth, edged with lace; the cups, saucers, and plates were of a beautiful blush-rose shade; the knives and teaspoons were of mauve-pink enamel on silver.

I can picture the table so clearly now. Nothing was ever changed on it, the fare always the same—a dishful of scones and muffins and a cake. I would stand beside the table for a moment while Queen Mary made the tea; this she always did before she sat down.

In the middle of this preparation she would say, "Do sit down, my dear." Then we would both be seated.

Boiling water came from a silver kettle hanging over a methylated spirit lamp. The kettle, like many other objects in that and other rooms of Marlborough House, bore the monogram V.R. (for Victoria Regina).

We would eat hot scones and cake, using small silver and enamel forks. Halfway through tea Queen Mary would refill the teapot from the kettle and take from the tray a curious instrument—a slender silver pipe, nine or ten inches long, funnel-shaped at one end. Blowing down this pipe, she would put out the blue flame under the kettle.

Perhaps that blow-pipe was Queen Victoria's, too. With the firelight flickering on the silver kettle, it was easy to imagine that we were back in the Victorian age.

Queen Mary's movements and gestures, too, were graceful in a way that is seldom seen to-day. Taking tea with her was always a very charming experience.

After tea we talked for an hour or more, but never of the past. The Victorian illusion vanished as Queen Mary, with her alert mind alive to the facts of to-day, spoke of plays, books, films, and people.

She loves to talk of the play she has just seen or read. She is greatly interested in what the critics have to say about it.

From the tea-room we would go back to the sitting-room for a real discussion of many subjects, the uppermost one being the education of her grand-daughters.

## Advice on work

NEARLY always I had come eager to consult her concerning some point that had arisen in connection with their lessons. A change in the school-room time-table, for example.

When the present King and Queen came to the throne, it seemed clear that the change in the position of the Princesses called for alterations in their training, and it was at the Queen's request in the first place that I had sent Princess Elizabeth's school time-table to Queen Mary; and so it became almost a matter of course that I should go to her for advice.

Often after tea we spent half an hour or so in drawing up lists of places of historical interest that Queen Mary had planned to take the children to see.

At about six o'clock she would rise and say how nice it was to have had a talk. And then I would curtsy again and depart, thinking on the way back to the Palace of the plans for the next of Queen Mary's outings for the children.

The mark of Queen Mary's hands and brains is visible in all the Royal residences.

As soon as she became Queen, she set out to make the care and arrangement of the Royal castles and palaces her own special responsibility.

Especially at Windsor Castle, which was the property of the nation, Queen Mary took over the responsibility of caring for the national treasures.

She already knew a good deal about heraldry and antiques, and on that foundation she began to build the knowledge that has made her the recognised authority on pictures, furniture, china, tapestries, silver, and objects of art that she is to-day.

There was, for example, the magnificent dinner set, with Greek and Etruscan figures in sepia on red, with black borders. It had been in one of the china pantries for as long as anyone remembered, but no one could say where it had come from.

No record of its acquisition could be found, and the only clue was a vague story that it had been given by an Italian King to a King of England.

Just at that time Queen Mary happened to be reading the eighteenth century novels of Fanny Burney.

Suddenly she came upon a short paragraph, referring almost casually to a dinner set that had been given to King George III, Queen Mary's great-grandfather.

Was that the dinner set which had puzzled her? She decided to find out. Guided by her suggestions, experts searched the records at the British Museum. It was a joyful moment, weeks later, when they were able to place before her the full story of the dinner set.

Made after an ancient model in the Royal potteries of King Ferdinand of the Two Sicilies, it had been presented to King George III in return for his present of two bronze cannon.

**To be continued. (World copyright reserved.)**

**Indigestion**

**—what to do?**

**Suck 2 Rennies**

**—feel like new!**

Wherever you are when indigestion strikes, you want immediate relief. And that's easy!—just suck two Digestif Rennies, one after the other. The pain goes in *seconds!* These pleasant-tasting tablets contain a five-fold formula that quickly corrects stomach acidity. Rennies require no glass of water—take them, anywhere, any time.

**DIGESTIF RENNIES**

—individually wrapped
—easy to carry

DR.1.B



EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY

**BACKACHE GONE**

What a blessing when backache is relieved by DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills. DOAN'S help the 10 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisons and ease the misery of backache, rheumatism, loss of pep, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under eyes, headaches and dizziness. Ask your Chemist or Store for DOAN'S, a stimulating diuretic made to rigid standards of purity, and used successfully by millions for over 50 years. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.

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stockings, the finest and sheerest of

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# The Spanish Gardener

*Continued from page 5*

AT the office, during the forenoon, Brande attended to various official matters, then proceeded to draft a letter to Restaud et Cie, a firm of Parisian publishers recommended by Halevy as being most likely to do justice to his work on Malbranche.

His pen did not flow with its customary fluency, and, for some reason, he felt sluggish, bound by a physical lethargy. Yet it gave him a momentary satisfaction to reflect that his manuscript was at last complete, parcelled in his bedroom, ready for the mail.

At one o'clock, shunning the public gaze of the Chantaco, he had a sandwich and a cup of coffee brought to his room; then, some twenty minutes later, he set out for the station.

Rain had begun to fall, in large warm drops, yet the Consul walked slowly. So rabidly had he anticipated this moment, this hour of justice, that he experienced within himself a strain of anger that his mood should be so listless and so dull.

Of course, he had again been sleeping atrociously, and on the previous night had snatched barely an hour of fitful slumber. Yet this alone could not explain the change in him. Strive as he would, a gnawing doubt of Garcia kept creeping back upon him, shaking his pose of high integrity, infusing him with intolerable despondency.

At the station the party had already arrived—Pedro, Jose, and the guardia, sheltering together on the platform under the projecting roof of the despacho de billetes.

The Consul looked at them heavily, observing with vague astonishment how gaunt and sallow Jose had become, how unkempt was his appearance, how closely the handcuffs forced him to stand beside the guardia.

Viewing him after the interval of a week Brande was conscious of no special surge of his aversion, only a queer reluctance, which increased as, having taken his ticket, he advanced towards the youth.

When he reached the little group, Pedro and Jose avoided his gaze but the guardia saluted him briskly with his free hand.

"Wet, isn't it?" Brande remarked, after a moment.

"Very wet, senor," the guardia answered respectfully.

There was a long pause during which the Consul's eyes kept straying to those shining handcuffs. Somehow they provoked him to a strange distaste. The steel bracelet, he could see, had raised a weal upon the guardia's wrist.

Suddenly he exclaimed, in a voice which, though irritated, remained aloof: "Do you need these things?"

"Only until we are safely in the train, senor."

Again a heavy silence fell, broken by the drumming of the rain on the corrugated roof and the low mutter of voices from behind the barrier.

Brande became aware of the crowd that had gathered outside the despacho, of their hostile stares and vulgar imprecations. Fretfully, he shifted his position. Would the train never come?

At last, the air was rent by a shrill whistle, the pounding and screech of wheels. As the short train jerked to a stop Brande moved forward with a feeling of relief and preceded the others into the single wooden compartment.

There were few other passengers, mostly country people, a pair of travelling salesmen, some old women with baskets. It had been his intention to secure a position facing Jose, but something now withheld him. Instead he seated himself a little distance away, at the top of the coach, before a spotted mirror advertising some liquid dentifrice.

Thus, though his back was towards the group, he could see the dim reflection of what was taking place.

Jerkily, with a bump, they clattered off. Viewing the scene behind him, as the train picked up speed, Brande saw the guardia take a key from his pocket and unlock the handcuffs from Jose's wrist. The youth muttered a word of thanks and began to chafe the circulation into his hand.

Pedro was reading aloud from a newspaper, apparently trying to interest the others in the sporting news. But neither gave him much attention. The guardia, sitting erect, maintained a correct official attitude, while Jose, with his face averted, stared steadily through the corridor at the fleeting, rain-drenched landscape.

That fixed and pensive profile, emptied of all gaiety, stamped with a new maturity, with a grave personal dignity, began slowly but surely to bring about a distressing effect.

*Please turn to page 37*


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1/9 in the handy pack FROM ALL CHEMISTS

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## What do you know about United Nations?

Most people know the United Nations Organisation by its initials, UNO. Can you supply the full titles for these agencies related to UNO? Answers on page 63.

1. UNESCO?
2. UNFAO?
3. ICAO?
4. UNKRA?
5. IRO?
6. UNICEF?
7. UNSCCUR?
8. UNRRA?
9. WHO?
10. ITU?


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Corned Beef?
You will like it better
with HP SAUCE

Not only does HP bring out the flavour of the meat—it adds extra savour as well. Made from oriental spices, dates and dried fruits, skilfully blended and matured, it has a piquancy that makes the most ordinary meal a delight.

HP
THE WORLD'S FINEST THICK FRUIT SAUCE
Made by LEA & PERRINS

He Knew What He Wanted!

Jack Robinson rather fancied himself as a connoisseur of life's good things. Dining the other evening with a recent acquaintance, he was delighted to find a meal as good, if not better, than any he could remember.

"Mild now," said his host, "a little cheese, perhaps?" "Splendid," Jack replied, only to regret his enthusiasm when the mild cheese made its appearance. "What's the matter, old man?" was his host's enquiry. "I hate to spoil a good dinner with a cheese as mild as that seems to be," Jack answered. "Make it," was the other's advice. "Hm!" said Jack a few seconds later. "That's excellent! Mild, certainly, but smooth and well matured!"

Black and White are rather like that. Blended for those who enjoy a mild cigarette, the smoothness and mellowness precede an unusual degree of satisfaction. Choice of leaf and skill in manufacture are the chief reasons. Smoke Black and White Cigarettes yourself and you'll see what we mean.

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells the Remedy for Grey Hair.

Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can use this simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Sulphur Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. Apply the Sulphur Compound to the hair once a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger at very little cost. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

Skin Itch
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Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny pores and pores where germs hide and cause terrible Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. A new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive skin, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and attack the real cause of many skin troubles.

Nixoderm
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

# The Spanish Gardener

*Continued from page 36*

MOST amazingly, Brande felt a peculiar weakness creeping over him. And he had a sudden impulse to go to the youth, to speak to him kindly, to promise a measure of leniency. Yet how, in heaven's name, could he do that now? The idea was nonsense.

By a tremendous effort the Consul wrenched his eyes away from the glass.

The heat in the compartment was unbearably oppressive.

In addition, Brande became aware that he had placed himself adjacent to the comun, the coach latrine.

From time to time someone pushed past him in the narrow aisle to enter it. The heavy grinding of the wheels came in bursts, exploding like surf against his eardrums, echoing and re-echoing through his head. Was he ill? Instinctively, he asked himself the question.

But no, despite his febrile symptoms he knew that his disorder was not physical. It was, if anything, an affliction of the spirit, an apprehension he could not name.

The coast at this point of the journey became broken, and the railroad, cutting inland, made a detour through the foothills of the mountains.

The track, badly laid, made no pretence of keeping to the level—at one minute the engine tore down a giddy slope while the next, gradually losing its momentum, it panted slowly to the succeeding summit.

In a kind of stupor, the Consul glanced at his watch. Not yet three o'clock. In dismay, he groaned inwardly, realising how much longer this tribulation must endure, and almost furtively he raised his eyes towards the mirror.

Yes, they were still sitting in silence, exactly as before. Yet as he peered into the glass, he saw Jose turn, quietly, and address a brief remark to the guardia. There was an instant's pause, then the guardia nodded assent, and made way for Jose to rise and pass into the aisle.

The Consul's heart gave a sudden, heavy bound. He saw, of course, that Jose had asked permission to go to the comun and the sudden realisation that the youth was now approaching, must brush closely past him, set his nerves aquiver.

He drew himself together, as if in dread of a violent blow. Yet, even while his flesh contracted, he knew it was not this he feared. No, deep in the dim recess of his consciousness, there formed slowly, and floated upwards, the intuition, veiled yet terrifying, that the moment drawing near was to be, in some strange and tragic manner, a crisis in his destiny.

Jose, swaying with the motion of the compartment, was now close behind him. Brande tried to close his eyes, to feign sleep. Impossible. As though compelled by forces stronger than his will, he shifted his gaze and looked up at Jose.

The youth was now slightly in front of him, steadying himself against the end partition, waiting for a momentary aggravation of the jolting to abate.

His eyes, dark in his pale face, bore down upon the Consul, searchingly, inscrutably, yet without rancor. It seemed almost that a faint smile was hidden in their depths. Then, quietly, he turned his head away.

The train, having furiously rattled itself downhill to a little valley, was now met by a noticeably steep ascent. As its speed slackened Jose took a calm step forward.

As he did so, in a stroke of illumination, the Consul guessed the youth's intention. He saw that Jose was about to jump through the open door of the coach.

A sudden convulsion swept over Brande. He must not, he could not permit Jose to escape. It was dangerous, too, for him to leap from the moving train.

Which of these thoughts was uppermost in the Consul's mind, then or later, he never knew. At that second, as Jose jumped, he leaned forward with an incoherent cry and tried to hold him.

His hand, clutching wildly, caught the selvedge of Jose's coat. The poor fabric ripped instantly, but the restraint, slight though it was, broke the force and power of Jose's spring. Deprived of his expected impetus, he lost his balance in mid-air.

His body sprawled forward and as he fell his foot was caught between the footboard and the framework of the coach, so that his head struck, downwards, with brutal force, upon the edged metals of the track.

Again the Consul gave out that inarticulate cry. Starting to his feet, he blundered forward, shouted for someone to stop the train. At once a commotion arose, hands tugged the emergency signal.

In a daze of nausea Brande heard the train brakes screech in anguish, felt the compartment shiver all over, then grindingly slow down. With a final hiss of steam the train slithered and grated to a standstill, an immobility which was somehow terrifying.

Immediately everyone crowded out of the coach, there was a rush of passengers back along the track. Completely alone, the Consul straightened himself in the empty compartment. He must go, he must. Dizzily, he made his way to the exit.

They had freed Jose. His body lay limp and extended on the green embankment. Someone had placed a clean handkerchief over the mutilated face. The mountain grass was soft and green, starred by little yellow flowers. A clear sound of running water reached the ear. It was not far from the river he had loved, the sanctuary he had hoped to attain.

Old Pedro, standing with the watchers, did not look at the Consul. But in a low voice, a broken whisper, he said: "He will not go to prison now, senor."

. . . .

It was nearly ten o'clock that night before the Consul found himself, exhausted and dishevelled, on the sandy lane leading to the Casa Breza.

Completely overcome, he had felt unable to travel back to San Jorge by train, and had walked away from the railway line, striding blindly across fields, ditches, and stone walls.

After five o'clock he had stumbled into the tiny village of Offerino. Here, from the little post office in the general store, he had telephoned the Consulate. But there was no answer, the place was closed, they had all gone home.

Next he tried to get through to his house, meaning to ask Garcia to fetch him in the car. Yet again he failed: first the number did not answer, then it was engaged, and finally, amidst the inevitable buzzing, was reported out of order.

Normally the inefficiency of the local system was a source of maddening irritation to Brande. Now, however, he left the dark cavern of the shop without a word. They told him that a bus would leave for San Jorge at eight o'clock.

Silently, with bowed head and drooping shoulders, he seated himself on a bench outside the whitewashed fonda, refusing the innkeeper's courteous offer of refreshment.

*Please turn to page 39*

# The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

I WAS chatting with one of my students the other day. She is in her middle 20's and she was talking about her father.

"You know," she said, "Father was a sort of part-time Dad. Every once in a while he seemed to want to be our pal. But a lot of the time he was too busy with his own interests to pay much attention to us.

"When we wanted to talk with him or have him help us with something, he'd say, 'Why don't you ask your mother? She knows more about this than I do.'

"But when he did want to play his role as father, we just couldn't warm to him. He must have been hurt, of course.

"But, never knowing when we could count on him, we had got out of the habit of giving him our confidence."

Here is something to think about.

Fathers are often beset with all sorts of responsibilities that make it hard for them to spend as much time with the children as they would like.

*PART-TIME Dads cannot expect confidence.*

But they should realise that if they can only be part-time fathers they will have to accept the sort of reaction that my student reported had developed in her family.

Look at your skin
..others do!

Help skin blemishes disappear with
REXONA SOAP
especially medicated for 'SKIN CARE'

You simply can't hide blotches and skin faults with make-up! But you *can* clear up blemishes with REXONA SOAP because it is especially medicated with Cadyl * to restore skin to natural loveliness.

★ *Cadyl is a fragrant blend of 5 rare beauty oils, exclusive to Rexona Soap. Rexona's silky-fine lather carries Cadyl deep into the pores where most blemishes start.*

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* *Salon secrets from Innoxa...*

You're Prettier..

as spots and acne disappear!

If your appearance has been spoilt by the "difficult" skin problems of pimples, acne, open pores—take heart! You can clear up these skin faults with Solution 41. This is the first real relief for such problems. It was discovered by world-famous skin specialist, Dr. Francois Debat, after long research into skin problems. Dr. Debat tested Solution 41 on hundreds of hospital patients, men, women, even children, and in every case results were satisfactory.

Innoxa's Solution 41 is a clear, colourless liquid. It can, if necessary, be used beneath make-up. Even stubborn cases of adolescent acne respond to this remarkable treatment. Mothers of teenage daughters and sons have written thanks to Innoxa for the relief it has given.

If your good looks are handicapped by blemishes enlist the aid of Solution 41. It is available wherever Innoxa Beauty Preparations are sold, including the following City stores:

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AWW PROJECT

The Australian Women's Weekly (1933 - 1982)
Issue 1951-05-12
Page 38

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# The Spanish Gardener

*Continued from page 37*

MIXING his wandering and almost witless thoughts, Brande tried to reason that what had happened was an accident . . . oh, a most regrettable accident, yet one which was quite unavoidable, which he, indeed, had done almost to prevent.

But wait . . . he must not think, not quite so fast, to that comforting conclusion. Did one hate Jose, with a bitter, hateful hatred, harass and persecute him, drive him to the brink? A soundless groan escaped him.

The arrival of the bus broke for a moment the torrent of his thoughts. Stiffly he clambered into it.

Now, having left the bus at the head of the lane, he was obsessed by an agitation so acute he had to force himself, by a supreme effort, to enter the house.

Inside, the hall was swimming with darkness, a great dark pool filled with the hollow thudding of his heart. Then he became aware of a strange odor, acrid and smoky, which stung his nostrils and drew the moisture to his eyes.

At the same moment, above the howling of the wind, he heard the sound of weeping. Turning with a jerk, he groped his way towards the door of the kitchen and opened it. Magdalena was seated at the table, rocking herself to and fro in a passion of despair.

"Magdalena," he said, in a barely audible voice.

She looked towards him and he saw her face, disfigured by great purple weal, hollowed by terror, suddenly aged.

"He has gone," she moaned.

"Who has gone?"

"Garcia . . . after all that I have done for him . . ."

The Consul went forward and shook her.

"Tell me quickly . . . where has he gone?"

"He has gone where you or any of the others will never find him. He can go fast in your splendid automobile. You will never find that either." As Brande started involuntarily she raised her wounded eyes, kindled now by bitterness.

"What did you expect, my fine master? That Rodrigo would wait until the police came to call upon him? Yes, that's his name, Rodrigo Espantago. He's a thief, a criminal, a maniac, all in one. He fooled you nicely, and me, too, as he fools everyone. He's not my husband. I'm only his woman. Teamed up with him in Madrid. He promised me he'd treat me right. He got round me, got me to do all the work . . . and now he's gone."

Her voice, tortured, rose to a scream. "Why did you let him know that they were after him? If you had only heard him mock at you! At you and your little Professor! 'The stuffed codfish and the curried shrimp' . . . that's what he called you. He planted everything on Jose. Didn't you guess that? He hated Jose and swore he'd send him to the cuartel. He hated Nicholas too. Meantime he had all your jewellery. And now . . ."

She began to shake hysterically, torn between tears and a terrible rending laughter. "Now he's got more. He's done you down properly, like he always said he would. Just wait till you see . . ."

Completely broken down, she swayed backwards and forwards, moaning to herself.

Abruptly, Brande left her. He took a lighted candle and went up to his bedroom. Outside it, he paused. The air was filled with that smoky odor which he had noticed earlier. As though breasting an invisible barrier, he entered, and lit the gas.

The stark disorder of the room struck him like a blow. All the drawers were pulled out. The silver toilet articles were missing from the dressing-table. The room had been systematically stripped of everything of value.

Yet this barely disturbed the surface of his numbed sensibilities. He looked about him, with darting, hunted glances; then his eye struck downwards to the hearthstone and lit upon a charred and crumbled mass which lay there.

At first he did not comprehend, then with a painful indrawing of his breath he bent forward. Yes, it was his manuscript, burnt to shreds, totally destroyed.

He gave a terrible sigh, a lost and gasping sound, straightened himself with that same pale, expressionless face, dusted the sooty fragments from his fingers. This was his *punishment* then, the loss of his life's work; it might be that he had deserved it.

He stood for a moment in a state of blankness; then, like a child seeking consolation, he turned towards his son's room.

A moment later he was staring at the empty bed. His heart beat against his breast in great heavy strokes. He felt his legs give way under him but just saved himself from falling.

Then the cry which he had been forcing back all night burst from his throat. In abject terror he staggered from the room and stumbled downstairs to the kitchen.

"My son . . ." The words came in a raucous whisper. "Where is Nicholas?"

Magdalena had in part composed herself, but his reappearance caused a sulky anger to flash through the misery in her eyes.

"Where, indeed?" she said tauntingly. "Did you expect to find him sleeping peacefully . . . after that devil had rampaged through the house?"

"Tell me," Brande shouted.

The housekeeper stirred sullenly. Then her gaze fell, beaten down by the naked torment in his face.

"Garcia didn't touch him," she faltered. "He would have, but Nicholas had gone. This afternoon he made up a little bundle and ran away."

Brande twisted his tongue in his dry mouth. "Where did he go?"

"How should I know?" Magdalena shot back bitterly—then, as though repenting: "When I saw him running down the drive I called him from the kitchen window. But he would not stop. 'I am in a hurry, Magdalena,' he called back to me. Then, in a crazy sort of way, with his face very white and desperate, he called again, 'I am going fishing.'"

At first Brande thought that she had lost her senses, but suddenly a gleam of understanding dawned upon him. From Halevy's probings he was aware of the boy's excursion to Torrido, and the depth of the impression which it had left upon his mind.

Jose's bid for liberty had clearly been premeditated. Nothing was more likely than that Nicholas, forewarned, had set out to meet him at that mountain stream.

*Please turn to page 42*

# INTERESTING PEOPLE

**MR. JOHN CREASEY**

*. . . 700 rejection slips*

VISITING Australia on a world tour with his wife and two children is Englishman John Creasey, famous writer of thrillers. His book sales are 6,000,000 in Britain alone, with translations in 12 languages, but he says that for seven years he failed as a novelist and has over 700 rejection slips to prove it. Member of the Liberal Party Council, he is an experienced speaker. Has visited most countries, gives lectures, and is actively engaged in relief work for Wilhelmshaven (Germany) and elsewhere.

**MRS. MATTHEW STEWART**

*. . . woman doctor*

MARRIAGE - GUIDANCE talks in Australia are planned by English doctor Mrs. Matthew Stewart, now on tour with her husband, Professor Stewart. During 20 years as pathologist in a women's hospital she concentrated on maternity cases. Has now turned her attention to marriage counselling and mother - and - child welfare work. Was awarded the O.B.E. during war for contributions made to national welfare while in charge of the civil nursing reserve. Mrs. Stewart never uses the title of "doctor."

**MR. E. W. HAYWARD**

*. . . mentioned in dispatches*

APPOINTED one of the judges of the Dunlop Art Competition, Mr. E. W. (Bill) Hayward, of South Australia, is a versatile and energetic businessman as well as an art connoisseur. Joint managing director of an Adelaide department store, he is chairman of two other companies and of the Council of the Order of St. John. Finds time to be a keen interstate polo player. Served during the war in Tobruk, New Guinea, and Borneo. Twice mentioned in dispatches, he received the Bronze Star, an American decoration.


# After 25 — Beware of Dry Skin

***Drying begins to show first in the places pictured here. See how best to help correct it!***

***First on your Cheeks*** — dryness is often noticed; flaky "dry-skin" patches can spoil make-up.
***To Correct*** — Work into your cheeks *nightly* plenty of Pond's Dry Skin Cream, from chin-line up in front of ears.

***Under your Lower Lip*** — little dry "puckers" tighten, make your mouth look "set" and older.
***To Relax*** — Always at bedtime smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream in well from the centre of your lip *out* and *up* to each corner.

After 25 every woman ought to use her mirror with a more critical eye.
From 25 on, the *natural oil* that keeps skin soft, smooth and pliant, starts *decreasing*. Before 40, skin may lose as much as 20% of its own oil.
But you can help offset this drying out — by giving your skin an oil especially suited to its needs. You can use a dry skin cream that is extra-rich in *lanolin*, which is very like the oil of the skin itself — this special cream is Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

*LA COMTESSE ALAIN DE LA FALAISE says:*
"Always it amazes me how *quickly* Pond's Dry Skin Cream softens skin that feels dry or a bit roughened. I think it is a masterpiece."

***Between your Eyebrows*** — tiny, dry lines etch in.
***To Smooth Down*** — Circle the cream on generously, making firm, quick little circles up between your eyes — *out* over your eyebrows to your temples.

***Around your Eyes, on Eyelids*** — dry "crow's-feet" come; skin takes on a dark "crinkled" look.
***To "Uncrinkle" Dry Lines*** — Finger-tap Pond's Dry Skin Cream *very lightly* around your eyes. Leave on lids all night.

***Along your Chin-Line*** — you don't want that matronly-looking sagging to start.
***To Tone Up*** — Use thumb and first finger and "pinch along" from point of chin to ear with *rich* Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

***New*** **rich in lanolin homogenised special emulsifier**

**Start this truly remarkable correction of Dry Skin today!**

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# They made an old home new

**● Mr. and Mrs. Alan Colefax's home at Northbridge, Sydney, is a striking example of what two energetic and enthusiastic homemakers can achieve.**

LIKE countless other couples, Mr. and Mrs. Colefax had searched for months for a home. It was the inducement of immediate possession that decided them to buy a well-built but shabby and outmoded house in Narooma Road, Northbridge.

Mr. Colefax, who is a lecturer in Zoology at Sydney University, planned a conversion scheme, but labor difficulties and prohibitive costs forced him and his wife to undertake the work themselves.

Mrs. Colefax painted the entire interior in soft pastel colors to give a larger appearance to the rooms, while Mr. Colefax, whose hobby is carpentry, made many pieces of furniture and built-in cupboards.

Furniture was kept to low lines to further the feeling of spaciousness, and a minimum number of pieces was carefully selected for each room.

In the dining-room, walls and ceiling are in palest peach, matching the basic toning of the rich, leaf-patterned carpet. Woodwork and low built-in cupboards, which run along one wall, are lacquered in a deeper shade of peach.

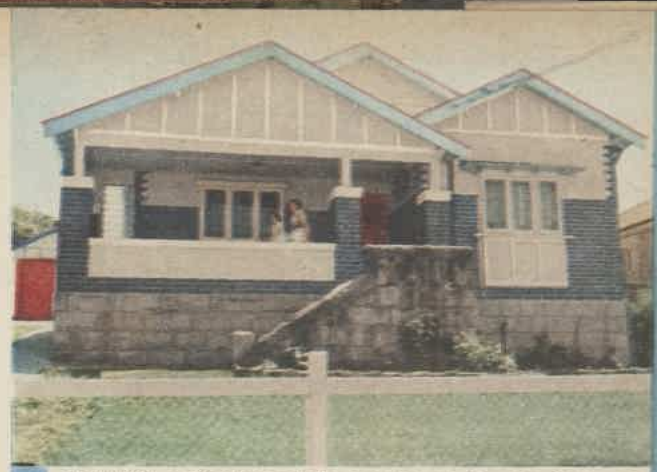
Mrs. Colefax lacquered the second-hand dining-room suite and two odd chairs to match the woodwork. She upholstered the chairs in a light burgundy shade of corduroy velvet.

The living-room was a drab room with a picture and china rail and dull wallpaper.

The picture railing was stripped from the walls, which were then painted a light cream.

The oregon stripped from the picture rail was used for the framework of bookshelves and built-in cupboards.

Looking back on two years of home-planning and renovating, Mrs. Colefax admits it was hard work, but well worth while for the high dividend it now pays in contentment and happiness.

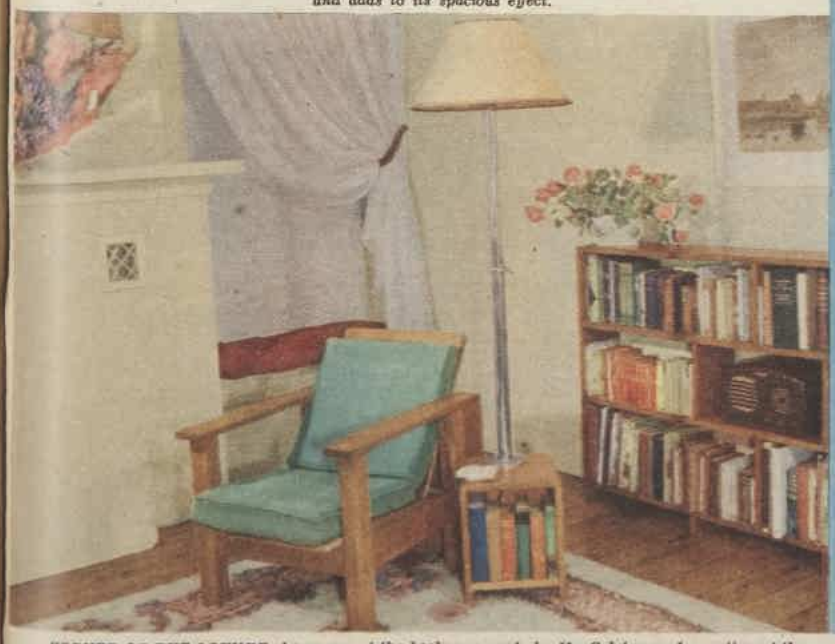


*EXTERIOR of the 27-year-old home of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Colefax, at Northbridge, which they have rejuvenated. Mrs. Colefax and daughter Hilary are standing on the verandah.*

*MODERNISED DINING-ROOM. Mrs. Colefax painted the walls, lacquered the cupboards and suite, and upholstered the chairs. Mr. Colefax made the built-in cupboards.*

*CHARMING BEDROOM. The inviting chair in the foreground was upholstered by Mrs. Colefax. Mr. Colefax built in the storage walls and blue mirror for the bed-head. This reflects the room and adds to its spacious effect.*

*AMPLE CUPBOARD SPACE is a feature of the modernised kitchen. Touches of red give a warm note to the cream-and-blue color scheme.*



*CORNER OF THE LOUNGE shows one of the bookcases made by Mr. Colefax, and a section of the fireplace which he remodelled. Mrs. Colefax made the softly draped curtains.*

*DAUGHTER HILARY'S ROOM is pretty with soft blue walls and ceiling and primrose organdie curtains. The pelmet matches the gay bedspread.*



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# The Spanish Gardener

BRANDE was taken by a swift downward sinking, the same sensation that he had experienced during that fatal moment upon the train, as a vision rose before him of his son, lost among the high hills, wandering into the swollen torrent, the roaring waters closing over him.

He felt a rasping in his throat, a suffocation in his chest. Then, with a supreme effort, he collected himself, plunged back into the hall.

Never more than at this moment had he felt the utter loneliness of his position in the world. To whom could he turn in his frightful hour of need? Only one name rose feebly to his mind, that of the humble, disparaged Decker, whose advice he had so cynically rejected only a few days before.

He clutched at this solitary hope. Groping for the telephone receiver, he asked for the number, gasped with relief when Alvin's voice came through to him; then, in a desperate rush of words, begged his assistant to come at once, with a car.

Waiting, bareheaded, in the rain-swept portico, he lost all count of time. When a taxicab screeched at high speed round the curve of the drive and slithered to rest on the sodden gravel, he stumbled towards it, tugged open the door and fell inside.

"Tell him," he mumbled—"Tell him to drive to Torrido."

Then in the cramped interior darkness, the Consul lay back, physical pain pressing like lead upon the nape of his neck.

Dimly he sensed that Decker had heard the news of Jose's death but did not dare to speak of it. Indeed, it seemed as though Alvin could not find any words to break the silence. But at last he stammered: "I was lucky to pick up a cab at the station."

A pause. "I hope you're all right, sir?"

After a long pause, Brande muttered, "I am looking for my son."

"Nicholas?" exclaimed Alvin, in subdued surprise. "Is he at Torrido?"

"He left to go there this afternoon. Whether he has arrived . . . I do not know."

"We shall find him, sir," Alvin said consolingly. "Please don't worry."

This encouragement sent a tremor across the Consul's cheek, a stab into his bursting heart. He turned to Alvin and, pressing his hand, sought to justify himself. "I did not mean it, Decker . . . before God, I did not mean it."

As the young man looked at him, uncomprehending and aghast, he bent forward, searching the road with straining eyes.

On they went. Once Alvin let out a sharp exclamation, and Brande's heart stirred with hope, as they discerned a moving form ahead of them. But it was only a benighted farm laborer, plodding back to his homestead in the valley.

At last, through the pelting downpour, a few faint lights glistened on the summit, like beacons upon a misty sea.

"Torrido," said the driver. Five minutes later, with a grunt of relief, he drew up in the deserted square.

"Why do you stop?" cried the Consul.

"The senor wished to go to Torrido." The driver spoke shortly. "We are there."

"Go on," said Brande.

"Should we not make some inquiries here?" Alvin suggested. He glanced at the luminous dial of his watch, which showed five minutes past eleven. "It's very late."

"Go on," the Consul repeated. With a surly shrug the driver threw in the gears, the

*Continued from page 39*

car rasped forward, through the little village, on to the murky plateau beyond.

The road, washed out in places by the floods, was now almost impassable, and the cab proceeded at a snail's pace for a distance of nearly half a kilometre. Still nothing was visible on the narrow way.

Glancing back at Decker, the driver was about to raise a final protest when suddenly the headlights, wavering ahead, caught and held prisoner a figure, tramping forward on the far side of the track.

Alvin cried, "It's Nicholas!"

The Consul stared through the window, a great shiver traversing his frame. It was no illusion . . . there was his beloved son, facing the car, blinking in pale inquiry under the headlights, his knapsack across his shoulder, drenched and bedraggled, but safe. Oh, yes, dear Heaven . . . safe and sound.

A shout burst from the Consul, broken and incoherent. He thrust open the door, hurled himself from the car.

"Nicholas," he wept, stumbling forward. "My son . . . my son."

. . . .

Seven months later, on a clear cold winter evening, the steamer from Stockholm passed up the Norlanger Fiord and with two short, cheerful blasts of its siren approached the Swedish port of Halversholm.

Immediately the sturdy little vessel docked, its handful of well-wrapped passengers disembarked, and, although purposely he had given no notice in advance, the new Consul was met by a short, bearded, bustling man in a blue pilot coat, who introduced himself as the harbormaster, Mr. Andersen.

With a genial smile, he explained that he had received advice of the arrival of Mr. Brande and his son from the shipping company.

The town lay already deeply under snow, the sky gleamed with myriads of stars, sharp and shining, the northern wind which scoured round the custom-house was keen and invigorating.

Andersen, in a jolly, hospitable fashion, proposed to take the newcomers to his house for supper; but the Consul hastily explained that they had partaken of dinner on the boat, that his son, who had just recovered from a protracted illness, was over-tired, that they desired nothing more than to take possession of their new residence.

The Consulate, towards which Andersen agreeably conducted them, was quite near, a narrow-fronted house in a grey stone terrace, opening directly on the broad snow-bound stretch of the Reivplatz.

No one was on hand but a very old watchman, puffing his meerschaum in the basement beside a big porcelain stove, and Andersen insisted heartily that he must send his wife to see them settled for the night.

The Consul, however, was firm in his refusal.

He assured the harbormaster that he and his son were old campaigners, thanked him for his offer to provide a hot breakfast in the morning—a real Swedish breakfast, Andersen volubly declared — saw him to the front door, and finally got rid of him.

As the Consul turned and began to climb the scrubbed pinewood stairs, he was suddenly conscious of his own tiredness and he realised with a pang how these past few months had slowed him down.

He felt older, much older.

Yet he was relieved to be here, in the obscurity of this small "single-handed" berth—without doubt Bailey, whom he had once maligned, had done him some service in proposing his transfer, in promoting Alvin Decker to his place.

The feeling against him at San Jorge had been acute. And Nicholas, although recovering physically, had failed to shake off his melancholy lassitude in an environment which brought every day poignant reminders of the past. Perhaps here, among these glittering northern snows, so different from the parched Iberian heathlands, life would be better for both of them . . . at least for Nicholas. . . . He wanted nothing for himself.

Indeed, he drew sweet consolation from the prospect of his arid destiny. The edifice of his pride, though shattered, was not wholly destroyed, and from the noble ruins had sprouted this exquisite flower of martyrdom.

From now on he would be content "to jog along" . . . towards "the evening of his life"—these phrases were his own, already current in his conversation, the password, so to speak, of the days to come.

*Please turn to page 5*

*Beauty in brief:*

## Holiday for skins

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Some unfortunate people suffer real skin discomfort in cold weather, not the least distressing part of which is a rough complexion that will not take smooth make-up.

IF you are one of them, don't overlook the benefits of an occasional face pack. Make it yourself, buy a ready-made one, or have a professional treatment.

There are all sorts of face packs for all sorts of skins, but their aim and object is much the same—to whip up circulation quickly, clear and smooth the surface, and leave it ready for make-up.

A warmed milk pack is soothing for winter-dry and sensitive skin. It is made by mixing one tablespoonful of meal with enough warm milk to make a paste.

Put the mixture to one side while you thoroughly cleanse the skin with nourishing cream, and then remove the surplus with tissues, allowing just enough to remain on the skin to form a slightly oily film.

Now spread the milk and meal pack lightly over the area; plan to relax for fifteen minutes while it functions. Remove the pack with warm water, dry gently, and pat on a little skin tonic if you have it.

An important ingredient in all face packs and masks is patience. Give preparations a chance to work for you. Relax, full length, as soon as possible after application while the mixture sets and starts to function. Stay put for the allotted span.

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# Movie Beauties in Rugged Roles

SUSAN HAYWARD faces drama as the city-bred girl of Fox's "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain," in which she marries country parson William Lundigan and has to cope with the rigors of the outback as well as a strange environment.

ELEANOR PARKER has her pretty features deglamorised for her role as a convict in the Warner film "Caged," which is a stark prison melodrama exposing conditions in an American prison for women. The cast consists entirely of women.

ALEXIS SMITH goes west for Warners' technicolor film "Montana," in which she plays opposite Errol Flynn's Australian-born sheepman. A battle develops between them as to whether sheep or cattle breeding will survive in the territory.

Susan Hayward

Eleanor Parker (left) ★ Alexis Smith (right)



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# Talking of Films

*By M. J. McMAHON*

**OUR FILM GRADINGS**

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

### ★★ *The Mating Season*

AMERICAN domestic comedy with a two-way mother-in-law twist crops up again in this cheerful offering from Paramount.

The story is a pleasant trifle which requires a feeling of indulgent warmth on the part of the audience for charming newlyweds played by Gene Tierney, a penniless socialite, and John Lund's young man of no particular background or bank account.

Troubles crop up like mushrooms after rain for the pair when the groom's hard-working mother (Thelma Ritter) takes a job as cook in the household against her son's wishes. Shortly afterwards the bride's snobbish, scatterbrain mother (Miriam Hopkins) also joins the menage.

To make matters worse, a wealthy ex-beau of the bride is constantly underfoot doing his best to wreck the marriage, and nearly succeeds when the young woman discovers deceptions going on about her.

Among numerous people of beauty and charm, the fullness of studio limelight is stolen by the robust comicalities of middle-aged Thelma Ritter.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

### ★ *No Sad Songs For Me*

SIMPLY as a tearful story of how one woman faces death Columbia's "No Sad Songs For Me" is not convincing, but the sensitivity of Margaret Sullavan and Viveca Lindfors makes it acceptable "theatre."

Early on the audience meets intelligent Mary Scott (Margaret Sullavan), wife of devoted Brad (Wendell Corey) and mother of Polly (Natalie Wood) as she learns from Dr. John McIntire that she is in advanced stages of cancer and has less than a year to live.

Attempting — not too successfully, as far as one can judge — to persuade herself that it is not how long you live that matters, but how you live, Mary foolishly insists upon keeping the news from her husband while secretly planning for family well-being when she is no longer there.

Drama dwells on the woman's mental attitude throughout.

Complications are introduced in the handsome person of Viveca Lindfors' Chris, an employee of Brad who becomes infatuated with him. They are overcome in a final burst of understanding between the two women, which prepares the way for Mary's demise, as well as the prospect of a happy future for Chris, Brad, and Polly.

In Sydney—Century.

### ★ *Beyond the Forest*

MORBID melodrama underlines Warners' production of "Beyond the Forest."

The screenplay uses the flash-back technique to trace the relentless career of a married woman who lives in a small town but longs for the glamor of city existence.

Believing that all the world is a jungle and that you get whatever you can however you can, Rosa Moline is good for anything from lies to murder.

Bette Davis as Rosa shows flashes of bite and brilliance. Most notable is the scene in which, although dying, she attempts to escape from her home town, but generally her make-up is grotesque, and there are times when the lines fail her.

David Brian fares adequately as Rosa's wealthy lover, but there is little scope for Joseph Cotten's quiet charm. Ruth Roman looks attractive.

In Sydney—Esquire.

### ★ *Rio Grande*

AGAIN a stern, middle-aged commander of U.S. Cavalry concerned with dealing out a lambasting to unfriendly Indians in American pioneering days, on this occasion Colonel John Wayne, makes quite a splash by crossing the Rio Grande River against orders, to liquidate tribesmen who have kidnapped garrison children.

Outdoor and action sequences have the punch and realism that filmgoers expect to see in John Ford Westerns, and there is some mild humor.

The device of having wives and children trekking around with the troop permits crinolined Maureen O'Hara, the commander's estranged wife, to effect a reconciliation with her husband when they are brought together by their son, Claude Jarman, jun.

In Sydney—Plaza.

### ★ *The Fuller Brush Girl*

APPEALINGLY feather-brained as a door-to-door salesgirl who finds it easier to buy than to sell goods, Lucille Ball is effective in early sequences of "The Fuller Brush Girl," but the promise of witty comedy soon gives way to pure slapstick.

Naive yarn concerns an engaged couple who simultaneously become involved with criminals. The young man (Eddie Albert) is used as an unwitting front for a smuggling racket while Lucille, on her first day as a salesgirl, stumbles upon murder.

In a madcap finale the pair outwit the criminals.

In Sydney—Lyceum.

### *My Daughter Joy*

LONDON Films' expensive production of "My Daughter Joy" is a wavering affair about a megalomaniac financier who has an obsession about his only daughter, Georgette.

Edward G. Robinson, as the tycoon, does his adept best to salvage coherence from a script which requires him to play the role of a Turkish shoeshine boy who has become an international financial genius, currently dabbling in a vague global operation which remains a mystery to the end of the film.

He eventually goes mad upon learning that the object of his insane affection is not really his daughter.

Peggy Cummins is the spoiled darling of the piece, and Richard Greene is pleasant in the role of a journalist.

In Sydney—Embassy.


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**REFUSAL** of Lily Faskin (Sally Forrest) to name father of her child does not alter determination of her brother Hub (John Ireland) to take action, although she begs him not to do so.

**2 STEPBROTHERS** Lee Strobie (Robert Walker) and Owen Daybright (Burt Lancaster) hear of Lily's predicament when they reach town after winter round-up. Lee is unmoved, wants to get back to family ranch.

# VENGEANCE VALLEY

**3 COOL WELCOME** is given Lee by his wife Jen (Joanne Dru), who is often distrustful of him.

**INTER-FAMILY feuding in the early days of American Western settlement provides the background for M.G.M.'s strong action story "Vengeance Valley."**

**Burt Lancaster, who has been a favorite in rugged roles since his appearances in "The Killers" and "Brute Force," on this occasion portrays a fist-flinging rancher with a strong sense of justice.**

**Crossing with him in gun and hand-to-hand conflicts are Robert Walker, as his treacherous stepbrother, and John Ireland as a hot-headed neighbor.**

**The film was made in Rocky Mountain country in Colorado, and the cast worked from headquarters in Canon City, Colorado.**

**4 CONCERNED** about Lily's welfare, Owen gives her financial assistance. With others, he suspects Lee is implicated, but Lily firmly refuses to substantiate these suspicions of Lee.

**5 ENMITY** flares between Owen and Hub Faskin when the latter accuses Owen outright of responsibility. In a battle royal, Hub is bested and is turned over to the sheriff at the point of Lily's gun.

**6 DISCORD** between Owen and Lee reaches climax when Lee attempts to whip a horse which has thrown him. Lee is ill tempered because he is aware that his family know he is father of Lily's child.

**7 FRIENDLINESS** feigned by Lee mends the rift between the stepbrothers. But Owen is unaware that during round-up Lee plans to lead him into trap. Lee resents Owen because latter has share of ranch.

**8 INJURED,** Owen escapes from the trap and returns to Jen with news that Lee has been killed in an ambush he planned with the Faskins. He comforts her, as he hopes to do always. They find happiness.

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# As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Take the plunge—but make sure the water is deep. Otherwise you'll acquire a beautiful headache. With Jupiter in the team you've every chance of a big win tomorrow, Wednesday, but Mercury asks you, please, to use your brains.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): The Taurus crowd are all set to go places; their journeys may arouse the curiosity of the neighbors, yet, later on, a feeling of envy. Trust Taurus to bring home not merely the bacon, but roast pork and apple sauce as well on Saturday.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): It's not what you know, but whom you know, that counts this week. If trying to wangle something, possibly social, but probably business, you may get a hearing, but you'll need lots of brass to carry it off on Monday.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): Feeling sorry for yourself is extra luggage. If knocked back when requesting a favor, bounce like a rubber ball and have another try. Sunshine after a squall, a more careful approach, and the prize should be yours on Friday.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): Has somebody been trying to twist the lion's tail? Being a regal type you may look down your nose at such a creature, who'll get his deserts without effort on your part. A surprise personal triumph may be due on Thursday.

**VIRGO** (August 23- September 23): Park that critical faculty of yours in cold storage. It's odds on you are right in your judgment, but you'll catch more flies with molasses than you ever will with vinegar, and you want co-operation on Monday.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): A gracious guest, a born host or hostess, there's a touch of the old-fashioned lady or gentleman in your personal attitude. You're sought after. Wedding bells may ring in the Libra family, too. Saturday promises joy for all.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): You've been obliged to wait, but you're the best waiter in the zodiac. The fruits are now in hand. Wednesday for harmony.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): Tired of being cooped up all the week? A day in the open adds twenty years to the life of a Sagittarian. Decide now that Saturday will see you with tennis racquet, golf clubs, rod or gun.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): That ounce of luck added to your own patient, stubborn determination should help you to hit the bull's-eye. You always know what you want and this time it's served up on a silver platter with flowers.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): A passing shower. You're likely to need an umbrella on Sunday to ward off the downpour, which you've probably brought on.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): A dash of spice never hurt a good little Piscean. Stick to the background and be overlooked. Advertise that inspirational charm and awake to find yourself famous in your world, which is your public. Frolic on Friday.

**[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]**


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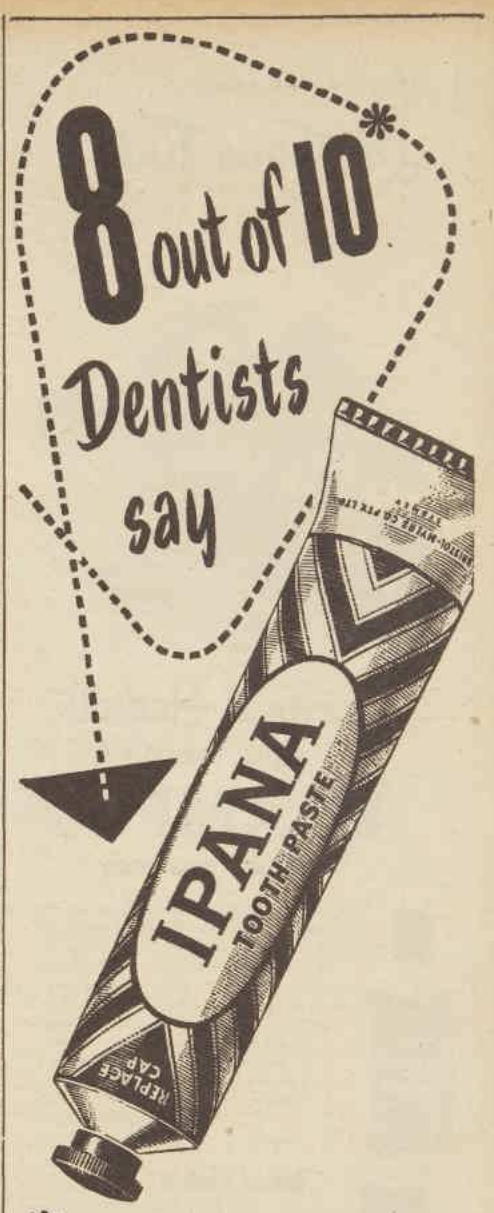


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Lustrous Tints

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contains real egg

Women all over America are delighted with the new beauty, Egg Creme Shampoo discovers in their hair . . . hidden subtleties of tone . . . lustrous sheen alluringly revealed . . . and so easily, quickly, simply, by the almost magical action of the real egg which makes this shampoo the most sought-after by the well groomed. Prove it for yourself by trying a 4-oz. bottle and then purchase the larger, more economical 8-oz. size. Make the most of your hair by shampooing regularly with Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo.

Richard Hudnut SHAMPOO IS BETTER BECAUSE . . .

1. It contains real egg to make your hair more manageable.
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Increased popularity of this exclusive anti-pyorrhea treatment in Australia has made it possible to reduce retail prices to the *same prices as ordinary toothpastes.* Forhan's is available at all chemists.

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Highly recommended by the medical and dental professions to safeguard teeth and gums from pyorrhea and gingivitis. Forhan's and massage keep gums firm and healthy, teeth sparklingly clean. See your dentist twice a year. Brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's. Buy a tube to-day.

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FS-1

# Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and the lovely PRINCESS NARDA: Return home from their adventures in the country of FERNA: Where King Ferrand's son, little Prince Randolph, has learnt to smile because of the wedding of his father and Grand Duchess Natalie. Meanwhile, a friend, Arlen Blaine, invites Mandrake and Princess Narda to his home to examine the skeleton of a winged horse. NOW READ ON:

Your windows will be cleaner when you use...

KIWI GLINT

THE MULTI-PURPOSE CLEANER THAT SAVES TIME, ENERGY AND MONEY

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LAXETTES

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Mothers praise LAXETTES because they're so gentle and yet so reliable, and kiddies take them willingly because they are chocolate. Doctors recommend LAXETTES because they fulfil every medical requirement—they contain no sticky oils or harsh drugs to upset delicate young systems, disturb sleep or interfere with school-going.

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*Guaranteed against breakage in oven use.*



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# The Spanish Gardener

*Continued from page 42*

UPSTAIRS, the boy was already in bed, his eyes closed, the white coverlet drawn up to his chin. In him, the change of the past months was even more apparent. He was much taller. His legs were stretched out long and lanky, his features were cast in a more masculine mould — he seemed to have gained the firmness which his father had lost.

Gazing at him with a sort of hungry concentration, the Consul thought again, with an inward sigh: He is growing up.

"You are not asleep, Nicholas?"

"No, Father." The boy did not open his eyes.

"Well," said the Consul after a moment, "here we are, starting out again. It seems not a bad town. I hope you will like it."

"At least there is no garden."

"No," said the Consul heavily. "There is no garden."

A long pause followed. Would the boy never come back to him? Could he ever forget those frightful weeks when Nicholas refused to look at him, but, lying motionless, with averted head, met his tenderest advances with the muttered though, of course, unmeant words, "I hate you"?

Even when the shock of Jose's unfortunate passing had lost something of its sting, Nicholas had remained silent and apart, had spent much of his time with old Pedro, and at the Deckers'.

Then, to Brande's dismay, he had begun to speak about his mother — and to ask most distressing questions, requesting her photograph for his bedroom, pressing to know her address.

Now, as at some inner prompting, the result of long, well-guarded thought, he stirred, raised himself upon his elbow on the pillow.

"Father," he inquired, "where shall I have my lessons in this new town?"

"Why, my dear," Brande replied mildly, "I shall give them to you, as before."

"No, Father. I want to go to school."

Brande, despite himself, started, "But Nicholas . . ."

"To school, Father . . . where I shall meet other boys, and play games . . . and perhaps make friends."

"Well . . ." said the Consul in a subdued voice, "We shall see about it."

"There's something else, Father. I've . . . I've had a letter from Mother."

"What!"

The exclamation made Nicholas blink a little, but he went on, a trifle unsteadily.

"You knew I'd written to her, didn't you? What's more . . ." With a courageous rush the words came out. "I wish to see her, Father . . . as soon as possible . . ."

Speechless, Brande stared at his son. Before he could recover, Nicholas rushed on.

"After all, she is my mother. . . . I have a right to be with her. And she has a right to be with me. There are ships which go from this port to America —large ships—we passed one as we came in to-day. And I am quite big now, able to travel by myself. . . ."

"Do you mean that she . . ."

He hesitated, almost gave way. "That she has asked you to . . . to stay with her?"

"Yes, Father."

"For how long?" He had to grope for the words.

From under the boy's lashes slipped an indefinable look, a mixture of sadness, triumph, and obstinacy.

"That depends on you, Father," he answered temperately, with unsuspected tact, "and on me, I suppose. But there is no doubt I should spend some time with Mother. That is only fair . . . to all of us."

Brande pressed his hand to his brow, masking his eyes with trembling fingers. He had, in truth, suspected an exchange of letters between Nicholas and his mother, had even, in a numb and distant fashion, envisaged the danger of their reunion. Yet the sudden presentation of the fact overwhelmed him.

Dully, in a kind of daze, he asked himself how it had come about, how from that first unheeded moment months before when he had engaged a simple Spanish lad to work his garden, this incredible result had sprung. Marian . . . his wife . . . resurrected from the dead and buried past . . . to share . . . perhaps even to steal the affections of his son. . . .

"You do agree, don't you?" Nicholas was saying in that same tone, persuasive, yet tempered by a new stringency. "You promise to make arrangements?"

Another pause. The Consul, still with bent head, made a blurred murmur which might have passed for either refusal or assent.

A long silence followed. Then, straightening, swallowing down his pain, Brande laid his damp hand, entreatingly, on his son's arm.

"Nicholas," he said, with some return of his lofty manner. "Many things have come between us in these past months. Although, God knows, my conscience is clear, if I have been in any way to blame I am sorry. But don't let mere mischance . . . or unmeant mistakes . . . destroy our feeling for one another."

As Nicholas said nothing, he went on, a pleading note coming into his voice, "We still have the future. If we try I am sure one day we can recapture . . . those intimacies of heart and mind . . . which I prize above all else . . ."

Again, at the end of that sad monologue, there was a lengthy silence. The Consul sighed, rose to his feet, and was moving in resignation towards the door when, at a thought, he stopped short, turned wishfully, though not with hope, towards the bed.

"You wouldn't care for me . . . to read to you to-night?"

The boy withdrew his eyes. He was about to refuse, brusquely — the hard words had already formed on his lips. Then something overcame him. Abruptly he turned his head away.

"All right," he muttered. "If you wish."

A smile of gratification spread over the Consul's distraught and haggard face. Clumsily, with undue haste, he went into the other room, rummaged in his valise, returned with the familiar red leather-bound volume. He cleared his throat.

"Let us take the chapter that deals with the characteristics of some of the larger Audubon birds — it's really most interesting . . . and instructive. Oh, it's so long since we had this little treat together!"

Seating himself on the bed, he adjusted his spectacles, and began to read:

"The turkey, a large domestic fowl, with a plumage which vies in splendor with the peacock, was in the first instance a native of the American continent——"

All at once he broke off.

Nicholas, turned sideways on the pillow, gazing with eager eyes at the woman's photograph upon his bedside table—this strange yet sweet-faced woman who was his mother, who would soon take his head between her hands and press it to her breast—was not paying the least attention. He wasn't listening . . . no, not listening to him at all.

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RIVETS

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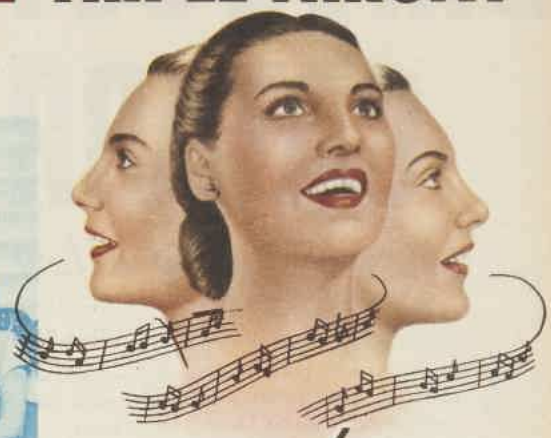

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# DRIVE OUT THE POISONS OF CATARRH·BRONCHITIS

## . . . just by taking a few drops of LANTIGEN 'B' in water each day!

Thousands of unsolicited testimonies by grateful ex-sufferers offer **proof** that just a few drops of Lantigen 'B' Dissolved Oral Vaccine in water each day is an effective safe way to bring relief and in most cases establish long-lasting immunity against Catarrhal and Bronchial disorders.

### Different — More Effective

Scientific evidence has shown that, before you can get relief from such disorders, you must first neutralise the toxins or poisons released by certain germs. These germs, illustrated at right, are those commonly held responsible for Catarrhal and Bronchial infections. Lantigen 'B', produced under medical supervision by skilled bacteriologists, is specially prepared to combat these specific germ poisons. It works through the bloodstream to stimulate the production of antibodies in the system. These antibodies are the natural antidotes to the germ infection. They neutralise the toxins, build up bodily resistance, and help to establish long-lasting immunity.

- **LANTIGEN 'B' is safe.**
- **Is guaranteed not to harm the heart or interfere with other treatments.**
- **There are no injections—no harmful drugs.**
- **Perfectly safe for young and old.**

### Five-Way Benefit

A few drops of Lantigen 'B' in water each day brings relief in all these ways:

1. *Aching Catarrhal heads are relieved.*
2. *Stuffy nasal passages cleared.*
3. *Tight Bronchial congestion relieved.*
4. *Nagging Sinus and Antrum pain eased.*
5. *General good health and sound sleep restored.*

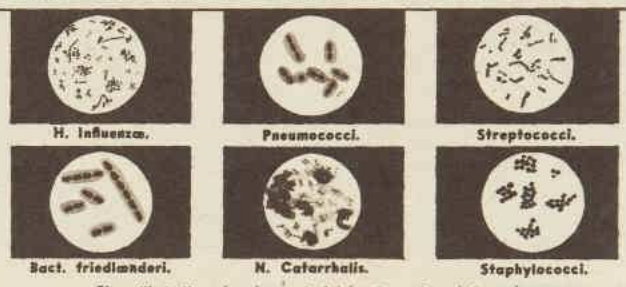
### Economical — Simple to Use

Lantigen is taken just like an ordinary medicine —a few drops in water each day. Thousands of ex-sufferers have written saying that, not only have they gained relief from miserable days and nights, but that they continue to enjoy sound, vigorous health.

Despite its remarkable effectiveness, Lantigen is very economical to use and costs only a few pence a day for the recommended treatment.

Read the proof in the letters printed at the right. Then go to your Chemist and ask him for a bottle of Lantigen 'B'. It won't be long before you too will be able to tell of the same spectacular relief so many have gained from taking this remarkable dissolved oral vaccine.

**Lantigen 'B' Treats Catarrhal & Bronchial Disorders Caused By These Germs**




*These illustrations, based on actual laboratory micro-photographs, show what Catarrh germs look like.*

### Read These Unsolicited Testimonies!

**Catarrh.** "I first used Lantigen 'B' for Catarrh. Before I tried it, I always had colds and ulcers in my mouth. I've hardly had either since. I also got my brother-in-law on Lantigen 'B' and he got through the winter without a cold."—*Mrs. E.S., Paddington, Queensland.*

**Nasal Catarrh.** "I am a sufferer of Nasal Catarrh with head noises and gradually going hard of hearing. I tried Lantigen 'B'. The first bottle gave me big relief. I have just purchased another bottle and though I have been using this only a week, I have already felt the benefit."—*Mr. D.R.M., Box Hill, Victoria.*

**Sinus Trouble and Catarrh.** "Since 1934 I didn't get more than two hours' sleep on account of Sinus Trouble and Catarrh. But now, after taking two bottles of your famous treatment, I get all the sleep I want."—*Mr. D.J.M., Kalgoorlie.*

**Bronchitis.** "About six months ago, my daughter developed Bronchitis. She would get frightful attacks of coughing. One day I happened to see an advertisement for Lantigen 'B'. I got a bottle immediately for her and the results were astounding. After taking only one bottle she is completely over the trouble."—*Mrs. J.W., Narrabri.*

**Catarrh.** "The Catarrh has cleaned up remarkably well and I'm able to breathe quite freely, especially when I go to bed at night."—*Mrs. U.C., Hurstville, N.S.W.*

**Colds.** "Since I began to take LANTIGEN 'B', about four weeks ago, I have been sleeping much better, and altogether feel very much brighter. Already I notice that I do not have nearly so many colds, and what I have, are no trouble at all. Before, almost every cold put me to bed."—*G.E.S., Carlisle, W.A.*

(Actual copies of unsolicited letters on our files)

*Ask your Chemist to-day for . . .*

# Lantigen 'B'

**THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE**

**Taken just like ordinary medicine for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Sinus and Antrum Infections, Recurrent Colds.**

*Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, 103 York Street, Sydney.*

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**She threw away pounds on expensive beauty treatments, then discovered this:**

The best beauty treatment of all is the simplest. Keep your skin clear and youthful-looking by using mildly medicated Cuticura Soap—for the care of your hands and face, for your bath, for your shampoo. Use soothing, cooling Cuticura Ointment for regular skin and scalp care and fragrant Cuticura Talcum for every talcum purpose.

Cuticura

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## ARE YOU SLOWLY POISONING YOURSELF?

### Remove the Cause

WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Why specialists all over the world have made internal cleanness their slogan.

**Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Autoxima—from the words *auto* (self), *toxin* (poison) — by inducing better Internal Cleanness.**

Coloseptic is the product of intensive research to find a remedy which would combat constipation at its source, the colon.

*A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.*

**COLOSEPTIC**
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After illness Angier's...!

A system depleted of normal energy, with recuperative powers at a low ebb, responds to the tonic and strengthening properties of Angier's Emulsion. It is recommended for the relief of coughs, colds and bronchitis, and for general debility. This palatable emulsion helps to regain appetite and health during convalescence.

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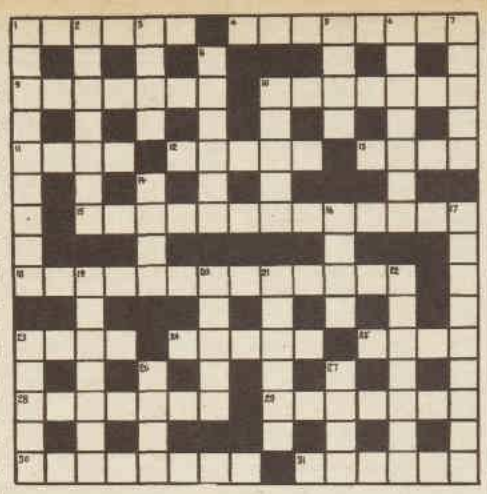
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



### ACROSS

1. Such an uproar sounds like a strange cat (6).
4. We have had two of them, and the third may be at the door? (5, 3).
9. Poisonous plant sounds as if it were the ruin of chickens (7).
10. Wished a title in act (7).
11. Turned prima donna is greedy (4).
12. The Lesser White Heron (5).
13. Beginning of an article or the god of thunder (4).
15. Catch that woman in the highest degree with a trap and get the hell (10, 3).
18. The abode of Allah is the keenest delight (7, 6).
23. Stable business of partners (4).
24. When the stomach is the food it's inferior stuff (5).
25. Fail to hit this young lady (4).
29. Summer-house made by L. Lister (7).
29. Make restitution about provision (7).
30. Study in musical note to get this knowledge (6).
31. Way of looking on a bookie and a letter in the act (6).

Solution to last week's crossword

Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

1. Recites about cars which carry coffins (9).
2. Large residence if French is in a famous opera by Massenet (7).
3. Russian mountain chain (4).
5. The French saint is coming at the end (4).
6. Vessel made of nations' quarrels over the upper part of thigh-bone (7).
7. This modern use of radio locates things both ways (5).
8. Compact for mutual interests usually about three miles (6).
10. The medico starts such vision (5).
14. Bewilder and turn fruits (4).
16. Preserve a broken vase (4).
17. Went hurriedly and is reversed in tent of short duration (9).
19. Garden plant starting with a part of speech (7).
20. The Egyptian hawk-headed god.
21. Its day falls on the 24th of May (6).
22. Rene sits back in shouting and is harmful (7).
23. Corpulent little Albert is deadly (5).
26. Narrow valley (4).
27. A goddess is doubled (4).

# Fire Escape

*Continued from page 9*

THE young man laughed, jerking himself back to earth.

"I talk to myself no end," he confided, wrenching his head in my direction. "No end. Comes of being a free-lance journalist — one is always alone. Let me introduce myself. I'm Rodney Stephens, at your service."

He looked very much at Belinda as he spoke and trembled once more over the abyss.

I reascended, reassured, and said hurriedly: "And we are the Wilsons. My sister Belinda and yours truly, Patricia."

Rodney pressed us hospitably to a cup of coffee, and was so obviously lonely that in the end I clambered through his window into his workroom. Belinda held back and said she must go on with her letter, or she'd never get it drafted out.

"I'll help you with it," he said. "I'm really good at letters. I ought to be." He spoke so simply and charmingly that Belinda's composition tension lessened visibly and she followed me over the sill.

"Would you?" she asked eagerly.

"Of course."

"Then I can help you with your part, in return."

"Would you?" he asked breathlessly.

"Of course."

She slipped away for her pad. Rodney Stephens sank into a chair and cupped his face in his hands, gazing at his window, in which she had just been framed, as though he saw there in one simple lesson the secrets of wisdom and happiness. Watching him, I began to get ideas.

"She's in love," I told him. "Oh, awfully so."

"She is?" His question was a groan. "Who's the man?"

"Vincent!" I hissed.

We couldn't say any more because Belinda returned then, but I saw a glint come into Rodney's eye, and I loved that glint. It gave me more ideas.

He helped Belinda back over the sill, not in the suave way Vincent did such things, but with more than a touch of embarrassment, and when he forgot to let go of her hand it was quite genuine and his apologies went into reams.

He was all of a heap, poor young man. And all the more so because he realised from the first that Belinda was in no heap about him. To Belinda, Roddy was the man next door; no suitor, but a syntax expert who would help her towards working the miracle of bringing Vincent back into her so suddenly empty life.

I watched them for a while. They squatted on the floor and soon they were hard at it.

"This is a letter of recall, from a lady to a gentleman," Belinda explained gravely.

"I see," Roddy answered, from far down the abyss.

"It could be very undignified or sloppy," Belinda went on. "But I'm aiming at simplicity and sincerity and shortness. The three S's. If we stick to those I don't think we can go far wrong, do you?"

"Do you?" she repeated some little time later, looking up with a slight frown.

Roddy stopped sniffing the strands of her hair which were touching his cheek and his nice ordinary face switched from a certain foolish vacancy to resourcefulness.

"Er—no, I don't," he said emphatically, although I am sure he had not heard a word.

Belinda tossed back her hair and looked contemplative. Her eyes, half closed, were on Roddy, but to them he was something abstract.

"Well," my sister said slowly, "this is how I see it . . ."

I slipped away, entirely unnoticed.

In the kitchen Miss Emery was ecstatically dropping blobs of a mixture into a frying-pan over the gas.

"What are those?" I asked.

"Drop scones," she said, her eyes glistening with culinary excitement. "Have one, Pat."

I had one and sat on the dresser, dangling my legs. The table and the chairs were full of cookery books, wooden spoons, and saucepans.

"Listen, Emmy," I said. "I'm probably going to need your help. Can I count on it?"

Miss Emery shot me a glance over her horn rims. In early days, before I was born, mother had had to take Miss Emery in to help with the rent.

Since then she had grown into the place. She was the sprightliest spinster of sixty I ever saw. She liked a day's work—she ran a domestic agency — chatter, and meals with the family, cooking experiments whenever she could obtain the ingredients, and half an hour with her Bible before bed. That was Emmy — too busy to grow old, too kind to be vinegary.

*Please turn to page 54*

### *Superfluous surgery*

**TOO many of the surgical operations performed to-day are unnecessary, an Australian doctor claims.**

**He says that although the tendency now is to see what can be done to obviate the need for the knife, the slaughter of teeth and the ravage of tonsils still go on.**

***"Sometimes commonsense directs the removal of tonsils," he says. "But quite often they are removed because the doctor feels it is incumbent on him to do something."***

**"Anaesthesia and asepsis conspired to send surgery shooting up like a rocket. Now the peak of its ascent has been reached and the surgery of to-morrow is likely to be more conservative."**

**The doctor, a medical specialist, writes his views in an article in A.M. for May, now on sale everywhere.**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**PARKER "51"**

*It's the only pen with the Aero-metric Ink System*

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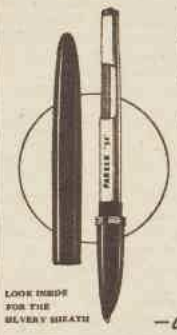

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# Fire Escape

*Continued from page 53*

MISS EMERY went on with operation drop scone, but paused to say, "Of course. What sort of a scrape are you in now?"

"Oh," I said, "scrapes. I haven't been in one since—oh, years ago."

"No?"

"I've reached the years of responsibility—and I've got one."

Miss Emery browned off the last scone, buttered two, handed one to me, and joined me on the dresser, eating the other with relish.

"What's the responsibility?" she asked. "Something on your mind?"

"Yes," I said. "Belinda."

"Oh," said Miss Emery. "Belinda, bless her."

"She's having Vincent back," I said.

Miss Emery choked on her drop scone.

"Quite," I said fiercely, slapping her back. "I'm determined that it shan't happen. I'm not at all sure what to do but I have a few notions shaping."

"You have?" asked Miss Emery anxiously retrieving her breath.

"Yes," I told her. "Now listen . . ."

Miss Emery could be a splendid and sympathetic listener when she chose. This was one of the occasions. When I left the kitchen a quarter of an hour later we were allies with a plan. A simple one, but a plan.

Soon after, Belinda's feet came tapping down the fire escape and into her bedroom, and a few minutes later she popped into the lounge, dressed and dancing-eyed.

"Where are you going?" Miss Emery and I chorused.

"To post my letter," she said.

Miss Emery and I exchanged glances. Normally all letters in our family were posted by Miss Emery, who left first every morning.

"I'll post it for you," I said, jumping out of my chair.

"No," said Belinda. "Thank you, no. I need a walk."

"You look so tired, doesn't she, Emmy?"

Miss Emery examined her over the horn rims.

But Belinda turned to go, smiling contentedly.

"Half a minute," I said. "I'll come with you."

"So will I," said Miss Emery. "It's such a beautiful evening."

Outside, the pillar box lay to the left.

"You two go that way, towards the park," I said. "I'll nip down and post your letter and catch you up."

I held out my hand.

"No," said Belinda. "I have to go this way. I want to look at a hat in Sefton's window."

With the inevitability of a tide she moved towards the pillar box. The whole of the two hundred yards I beat my brains but no way of cajoling that letter out of my sister's firm hand occurred to me.

Miss Emery and I watched that same hand enter the black mouth of the scarlet box and return empty.

The next day was Sunday. After church we changed and took the picnic baskets and a bus to Twickenham, where I had ordered a skiff . . .

We took up our usual stations. Miss Emery, in her blue and white flowered poplin, sat straight up in the stern and steered, keeping a contented eye on the baskets at her feet, and a careful one on approaching traffic.

I sat amidships, in jumper and slacks, and pulled a fair oar, setting us off upstream. Belinda, in the inflatable deck-chair Unspeakable had given her, lay back dreaming behind me in the prow.

We had only moved twenty yards or so when I made the announcement.

"Why, there's Roddy!"

My voice was a credit of surprise. I had to repeat the remark before Belinda heard me.

"Who?" she asked.

"Look, over there. Roddy," I said.

He was strolling along the bank, hands in his pockets, smoking a peaceful pipe.

"Roddy," I shouted.

He recognised us and waved.

"Come aboard," I yelled. "I'll put back to port."

"What a coincidence!" he said, as we touched in to the landing stage. "Fancy seeing you."

His face was quite serious. He hesitated on the bank, his glance going to Belinda.

"Good morning, Mr. Stephens," she said.

He looked dashed, but only very slightly, and no whit less adoring.

"Emmy, this is Roddy Stephens," I said, "our neighbor."

"How do you do," said Miss Emery warmly. She leaned forward and peered at him with interest and her approval was obvious. "Do join us, won't you?"

Again he hesitated and glanced at Belinda. I liked him for it, but said hurriedly:

"Oh, do, Roddy. Here, take an oar and help me up to Teddington."

I reached out and grasped his hand and pulled him down beside me.

"Where to, skipper?" he asked, ripping off his jacket.

"Up through the lock and then on to the first bit of green bank where we can lunch," I said. "Pu-ull!"

"Pull it is," he agreed, falling in with my stroke. We glided on up the river, to a descriptive commentary from our coxswain and the silence of dreams from our passenger.

An hour later, with the lock well behind, we pulled into the bank for lunch and Roddy could turn and look at Belinda.

Miss Emery unpacked her baskets with great pride, enjoying our exclamations as each of her triumphs emerged.

"Isn't this grand?" Roddy asked, throwing himself down at Belinda's feet. "What a lovely day! Do you come here often?"

BELINDA regarded him gently from beneath the shade of her great hat. He might have been a passing dinghy.

"Yes," she said, "we do."

Her eyes returned to far horizons. Roddy tried again and again, but it was no use. Belinda was there in our midst, all right, satisfying her appetite in the most earthy way, but she wasn't actually with us.

"Don't take offence," I said to Roddy, as we fixed up the coffee afterwards. "It's nothing personal."

"I wish I could be sure of that," he whispered.

"There are dreamers and there are doers," I said. "Readers and talkers. Belinda has specialised so long in reading and dreaming that it can be disastrous for her when she stops."

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, I really mean one thing," I said. "Vincent. She sees him in shining armor."

"And isn't he?"

"Shining conceit," I sniffed.

"Nobody's good enough to do her shoe up," Roddy said fiercely.

"Nobody'll get a chance if Mr. Possessive has his way," I told him.

"I'll have to see about that," he said, and he went back almost aggressively to his position at her feet.

I looked over at them. Belinda had never looked lovelier. Her eyes shone soft between her dusky lashes. There was a quiet radiance about her. She was striking. And Roddy, struck, was a fine hunk of young manhood himself.

"They might do, one day," I said, "if Belinda ever notices he's breathing under that palsy of adoration."

But Belinda never noticed Roddy, only the adoration, as it continued to roll out of his manly heart. She was a touch amused, a touch irritated, I thought.

Lunch over, we prepared to re-embark. Miss Emery and I gathered the oddments. Roddy jumped lightly and expertly aboard the skiff, popped her armchair in the prow, and held out his arms, rather extravagantly, to Belinda.

She frowned a little.

"I can manage quite well, thank you," she said.

"But," he said, "I always help women into boats. Even ordinary practical women."

"We're all practical," said Belinda stubbornly. "Where was it that somebody said: 'A woman should glory in her own efficiency'?"

"In some ways, perhaps," said Miss Emery, beaming on Roddy, "but not, I think, in all. I am myself glad of a helping hand, when boarding."

THIS was a noble lie, in a good cause, and I looked gratefully at Emmy.

"Me, too," I seconded ungrammatically. "Hurry up, Belinda, don't niggle. You're holding everyone up. Take Roddy's hand and get aboard."

Belinda put her hands behind her and stepped forward. She tried to brush past Roddy but somehow tripped over the seat. There was a splash and next moment my sister's face looked up at us from the water, while the straw hat floated downstream, blown rapidly by the wind.

Roddy was in the following second, helping her up the landing steps.

"Are you all right? Are you sure, Belinda?" he asked using her name for the first time in his anxiety.

"Perfectly, thank you, Mr. Stephens."

At Twickenham we got a taxi and hurried the dripping couple home.

It was a week before Vincent's letter came. I recognised the looping backhand immediately.

"May I be forgiven, Emmy," I said, opening the kitchen boiler and slipping it in.

"May I, too," Miss Emery echoed. "They say there are white lies. This must be a white crime."

That week and the following one we saw a lot of Roddy. I saw to that, or rather Emmy and I did between us.

Belinda, absorbed in the non-arrival of a reply from Vincent, was passive in the matter of our neighbor. But she never lost a certain remnant of the hauteur which had followed the ducking.

*Please turn to page 55*

**GOOD PURE VELVET IS A FIRM FAVOURITE ... with 3 generations in this W.A. home**

*says Aunt Jenny*

EVERYONE at the home of Mrs. Joyce Lawrence at Henry Street, East Cannington, W.A. has their own Velvet story to tell. Velvet has truly proved itself a family friend in this happy home.

**SPEAKING FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION,** little Kerry confides in wide-eyed earnestness: "Teddy was naughty, he fell in the mud and got dirty *all over!* Mummy gave him a bath with Velvet Soap and made him clean again."

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**People who save get what they want. Save in safety. Use the**

**COMMONWEALTH Savings BANK**

**Accounts opened at any Branch may be used anywhere in Australia when on holidays.**

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# Fire Escape

*Continued from page 54*

THE defensive "Mr. Stephens" remained firmly up in position between them, although in the case of us others it was soon Roddy and Pat and Emmy. As for Roddy, well, it was still adoration at first sight with him, but he learnt, on my advice, to tuck it out of view a bit.

In another week a second letter from Vincent arrived, with "Please Forward" written on the envelope. It followed the other.

"Perhaps this will be the end of our wickedness, Pat," Miss Emery said devoutly, watching the paper curling into flames.

"Perhaps," I agreed. "She won't write again, that's pretty certain, and maybe his majesty'll soon tire of this."

But he didn't. Two days later the phone rang, a trunk call.

"Is Belinda in?" It was Vincent.

"No," I said promptly, "she's away."

"Is that you, Pat? How are you?"

"She'll be away six months," I said. "She's gone abroad to join her parents."

I clapped down the receiver.

Miss Emery and I began to think Vincent was ancient history. And then, one evening when I answered the bell, he appeared in the flesh.

"No good telling me she isn't here, young Pat," he said, putting his foot in the door. "I saw her come in here not five minutes ago. I'm wise to your little game."

Thinking frantically, I shunted him deftly into the lounge.

"I'll give you five minutes," he drawled.

Belinda was in her room at the other end of the flat, changing.

"This is it, Emmy," I said, bursting into the kitchen. She looked up from the oven and I told her what had happened.

"Oh, dear," she said, "what are we to do? She'll fall right back into her infatuation with the horrible man, just when I did think she might be beginning to think of that nice Roddy. Whatever will her parents say? Whatever shall we do, Pat?"

An acrid smell of burning reached us simultaneously.

"Tut, my toast," Miss Emery said, reaching out.

"Give me that," I said. An idea born of desperation shot into my head. I turned the griller full on and pushed back the blackening toast. In a minute the kitchen was full of smoke.

"Keep it going, Emmy," I said, and raced to Belinda's door.

"Fire!" I cried, bursting in. "Quick, Belinda, up the escape."

She was in her green housecoat, lying on her bed, reading—she had begun to take to books again lately.

*Please turn to page 63*

*From Sun-glo Knitting Book Series 139*

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These three dainty d'oyleys are traced ready to embroider on cream and white Irish linen, British cotton in pastel shades of lemon, blue, pink, and green, and organdie in white, lemon, blue, green, and pink. D'oyleys measure 8in. x 8in., and 5in. x 11in. Lace to finish not supplied. Prices: Linen 1/3 each, set of three, 3/6; organdie and cotton, 1/1 each, set of three, 3/-.

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An attractively designed willow supper cloth with matching serviettes is traced ready to embroider on cream and white Irish linen or British cotton in pastel pink, green, lemon, and blue. The cloth measures 36in. x 36in., and the serviettes 11in. x 11in. Prices: Linen cloth, 15/11, and serviettes 1/6; cotton cloth, 10/9, and serviettes 1/3.

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A charming waist tie apron is cut out ready to make. The material is check cotton. Color choice includes red/white, blue/white, and green/white. Price 7/3.

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This trim little style is available cut out ready to make in cream woollen twill. Sizes: Length 18in., 2yrs., price 24/11; length 19in., 3yrs., price 25/9; length 20in., 4yrs., price 26/6 length 23in., 5-6yrs., price 27/3.

*NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All needlework notions over 6/11 are sent by registered post.*

• *Send your orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at address given for your State on page 62. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide.*


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CRISP, juicy red or green apples are at their best at this time of the year. Here are four delicious ways of using them in apple gateau, Arabian baked apples, apple baskets, and popular apple charlotte.

**• Apples are among the best and most useful of fruits. They are ideal for cooking or eating raw and are always top favorites.**

# Sweet and Pretty

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

THE value of apples in the diet is an old story that is well worth repeating.

Rich in health-giving elements—vitamins A, B, and C, and minerals such as potassium, sodium, magnesium, and phosphorus—they are an ideal breakfast fruit and are good for children between meals.

The recipes on this page include new ideas for using apples, and old-time favorites as well.

All spoon measurements are level.

### APPLE BASKETS

**Four ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 6 tablespoons stale cake-crumbs, 4 tablespoons coconut, 2 or 3 tablespoons apple syrup, 1 dessertspoon condensed milk, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, dry stewed apple pulp, chopped nuts, a few strawberries to decorate if desired, whipped cream.**

Roll shortcrust thinly, line small patty-tins. Cut thin strips of pastry for handles, bend to horseshoe shape, and place on oven-tray. Bake cases and handles in moderately hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes. When cases and handles are cold, fill cases with apple pulp. Combine crumbs, coconut, syrup, condensed milk, and lemon rind. Pile on to apple pulp in cases. Top with whipped cream and chopped nuts, adding a strawberry to each if desired. Place handles in position.

### ARABIAN BAKED APPLES

**Six red apples, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, ½ cup chopped dates, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 3 dessertspoons sugar, ¼ cup water, 1 egg-white, 4 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue, chopped nuts or cherries or colored coconut.**

Wash and dry apples, cut about one-third off the top of each apple. Remove cores, fill cavities with butter and brown sugar. Place apples in dish with a little water and bake until apples are soft, but not broken. Peel and core pieces cut from top, chop finely, and simmer with the sugar and water until starting to soften. Add dates, lemon rind, and lemon juice. Cook until soft enough to beat to a pulp. Fill into centres of apples. Make a meringue with egg-white and extra sugar, pipe around edge of apples. Sprinkle with nuts, cherries, or colored coconut. Return to very moderate oven to set meringue. Allow to become quite cold before serving.

### SHERRIED APPLE GATEAU

**Half-cup butter or other shortening, ¾ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, small quantity apricot jam, toasted coconut, 2 cups well-drained, stewed apple pulp (unsweetened), ½ cup coconut, ½ cup ground almonds (may be omitted), 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons sherry, green coloring, whipped cream and cherries.**

Cream shortening and sugar with lemon rind and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Fill nearly all the mixture into a greased recess tin, use balance to make about 6 patty cakes. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes.

When quite cold, brush sides with warmed apricot jam and roll in toasted coconut. Combine apple pulp, coconut, ground almonds, egg-yolk, and sugar. Beat until quite smooth and well mixed. Add sherry, color pale green. Fill into recess in cake, decorate with whipped cream and cherries.

### GOLDEN APPLE CRUMBLE

**Four cooking apples, 3 tablespoons water, 3 tablespoons sugar, piece of lemon rind, 2 cloves, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon butter or other shortening, 2 tablespoons brown sugar.**

Peel and core apples, cut into eighths. Place sugar, water, lemon rind and cloves in saucepan. When boiling, add prepared apples. Cover and simmer until apples are tender. Remove lemon rind and cloves. Drain syrup off and reserve. Place apples in greased ovenware dish. Sift flour, salt, and cinnamon. Rub in butter or other shortening until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Add sugar, mixing well. Sprinkle thickly over apples, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with apple syrup or custard.

*Continued on page 58*



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# A Swift menu of marvellous meals !

## Any Meal

**CASSEROLE STEAK**
Swift planned this one for discerning eaters. . . A superb Casserole Steak.

**STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING**
Weekends or week days — Steak and kidney Pudding makes a marvellous meal.

**LAMB AND PEAS**
This Swift special contains all the goodness of lamb combined with green peas.

**MEAT BALLS**
Ideal for that "out of the ordinary dish." Everyone likes tasty meat balls with steaming hot gravy.

## Any time

**BRAISED STEAK WITH ONIONS**
Simplicity in serving is the theme of all Swift dishes, and this one is no exception.

**CORNED BEEF WITH DICED POTATOES**
Fried corned beef with diced potatoes make an attractive dish at any time.

**BEEF AND VEGETABLES**
A whole meal in one. Best quality beef and vegetables prepared in their most nourishing form.

**IRISH STEW**
The traditional flavour of this popular preparation can't be overlooked even by the most critical connoisseur in search of something exciting.

Grocer Sam says . . .

Swift food products are always good !


# Prizes for best recipes

*TEMPTING nougat raspberry cookies win this week's main prize of £5. They are ideal for the lunchboxes as well as being an attractive addition to afternoon tea or supper.*

DELICIOUS nougat raspberry cookies top the list of prizewinners in this week's contest.

Each week readers' favorite home-tested recipes win cash prizes.

Entries should be written in ink or typed on one side of the paper only and posted to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Write name and full address, including State, on each page.

Readers are reminded to give level spoon measurements in their entries and thus simplify the task of judging.

**This week's prize-winning recipes are:**

- **Nougat raspberry cookies.**
- **Peach crumble cake.**
- **Mustard pickles.**

### NOUGAT RASPBERRY COOKIES

**Six ounces flour, pinch salt, 3oz. shortening, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon water.**

**Topping: Two ounces ground almonds, 2oz. coconut, 4oz. sugar, few drops almond essence, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon milk, raspberry jam.**

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add sugar. Beat egg-yolk lightly, with water, add to dry ingredients and mix to a pliable dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll thinly, cut into circles with fluted cutter. Place circles on biscuit-trays. Combine ground almonds, coconut, and sugar. Beat egg-white slightly, add milk and almond essence. Add to dry ingredients, mix well, pile on to pastry rings. Make a depression in centre of each with handle of wooden spoon and fill with a little raspberry jam. Bake 15 to 17 minutes in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric). Makes about three dozen.

**First Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Bonham, Flyford Flavel, Worcestershire, England.**

### PEACH CRUMBLE CAKE

**Two ounces butter or other shortening, ¼ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1¾ cups flour, pinch salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ¾ cup milk, sliced, cooked, or tinned peaches.**

**Topping: Two tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.**

Cream butter or shortening with sugar, add beaten egg and mix well. Sift flour, salt, and baking powder; fold into creamed mixture alternately with milk. Fill into greased 8in. flan-tin or shallow cake-tin, arrange drained sliced peaches over top. Combine topping ingredients, rubbing with fingers to make a crumbly mixture. Sprinkle over peaches. Bake 40 to 45 minutes in moderate oven (375 deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric). Serve hot or cold with cream or custard.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Lawrence, Neath Avenue, Dover Gardens, S.A.**

### MUSTARD PICKLES

**Five pounds green tomatoes, 1lb. onions, 1 or 2lb. beans, 1lb. cucumbers, salt, 1 quart vinegar, 2 tablespoons curry powder, 2 tablespoons mustard, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon turmeric, 1½ cups sugar, 2 teaspoons each of peppercorns, cloves, and chillies.**

Cut up vegetables roughly, sprinkle well with salt and allow to stand overnight. Drain off liquid, place vegetables in large preserving-pan, add vinegar, sugar, and chillies. Tie cloves and peppercorns in gauze bag, add to other ingredients, bring to boiling point, boil 20 minutes. Mix curry powder, mustard, flour, and turmeric to a paste with a little extra vinegar, add to vegetables, continue cooking further 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Bottle while hot, seal when cold with paraffin wax.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Eastley, 18 Adam Street, Goulburn, N.S.W.**

## *Sweet and pretty* *Continued from page 57*

### APPLE CHARLOTTE

**Six green apples, ¼ cup water, ½ cup sugar, 2 thin strips lemon rind, 2 cloves, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1¾ cups self-raising flour, ½ cup cornflour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup good shortening, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, a little milk, quantity lemon-flavored warm icing, chopped walnuts.**

Cook apples until very soft with water, ½ cup sugar, lemon rind, and cloves. Remove lemon rind and cloves, add butter and beat until smooth. Allow to become quite cold. Sift flour and cornflour with salt, rub in shortening. Add sugar, mix to a dry dough with beaten egg-yolk and a little milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Divide into 2 portions, one a little larger than the other. Roll both portions thinly, line tart-plate with larger one. Prick base and sides well with a fork. Fill with cold apple mixture. Moisten edges, cover with second portion of pastry. Press edges lightly together, trim, pinch a frill. Brush top with egg-white or water. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. When quite cold ice with lemon-flavored warm icing and sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

### BAKED APPLE PUDDING

**Two cups stewed apple pulp, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 3 or 4 thin slices stale bread, ½ cup milk, sugar, spice, 1 tablespoon melted butter.**

Line ovenproof dish with fingers of stale bread; moisten with milk. Cut fingers of bread for top of dish, brush with milk. Add remainder of milk to breadcrumbs, combine with apple pulp, adding sugar and spice to taste. Pile into dish, cover with bread fingers. Pour melted butter over, bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold with cream or custard.


SOOTHING, HEALING RELIEF FROM

COUGHS·COLDS WITH

EDINBURGH COUGH MIXTURE

CONTAINING Lantigen 'A' ANTI-COLD VACCINE

Edinburgh Cough Mixture is the *only* cough linctus that includes the well-known dissolved oral vaccine, Lantigen 'A'—*the anti-cold vaccine!* It, therefore, provides *double* benefit:

1. Brings quick relief and speedy recovery through the healing action of the finest therapeutic cough linctus.
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FROM YOUR CHEMIST

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EC.M.M


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MAXWELL Cussen, of Armadale, Victoria, started picking out tunes on the piano when he was twelve months old. At 2½, he could play several quite difficult compositions. His mother says, "We started Maxwell on Vegemite when he was six months old and he has thrived on it ever since". Vegemite is the true yeast extract. It contains more Vitamin $B_1$ than any other yeast extract manufactured and sold in Australia. Ask for Vegemite—it's tastier, more economical, and contains no starch.

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If your body is racked by irregularity—or deadened by dosing—follow this tested treatment which was proved to work with most people like yourself.

Start drinking 8 glasses of water each day. Set a time for regularity. Then, for one week take 2 mild, gentle Carter's Pills each night. Second week, take one each night. Third week, one every other night.

Then take nothing, because after Carter's Pills have "unblocked" your digestive tract the way—it should then make use of its normal powers of regularity.

Only if worry, wrong diet or nervous tension makes you temporarily irregular will you need Carter's Pills again. Then you can take them temporarily with complete confidence because they contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills today.




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# Unexpected Guests arriving?

## Do you Rush to the shops?

## Worry your pretty head?

## or prepare a wonderful meal like this!

### PECK'S POCKET BOOKS

**FILLING**

1 large tomato (diced)
1 tablespoon diced onion
1 dessertspoon shortening
1 cup cooked rice or spaghetti
1 jar Peck's Anchovette
Salt and cayenne to taste.

**PASTRY**

1 cup plain flour
1 cup self raising flour
¼ teaspoon salt
4 oz. shortening
3 tablespoons cold water
Squeeze lemon juice.

Melt shortening and fry onion several minutes without browning. Add tomato and cook gently till tender. Mix remaining ingredients, allow to cool.

Rub shortening into sifted flour and salt. Mix to dry dough with water, lemon juice. Knead slightly, roll thinly on floured board. Cut into 4 pieces. Place filling on each, moisten edges, fold over, press edges together. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 mins. Serve hot with vegetables or cold as addition to picnic lunch.

Now there are EIGHT tasty varieties!

*Don't ever let your cupboard be bare of Peck's Pastes. Keep three or four jars on hand always to add delicious variety to everyday eating, hospitable entertaining, lunchbox sandwiches. Your family appreciates variety in eating, and Peck's make it easy for you to supply it. Try all of the eight varieties! They're all delicious.*

Ask your grocer about the handy small size

IT'S AMAZING how you can make a BIG tempting meal with a jar or two of Peck's Pastes. Peck's is such a convenient "stand-by" for the occasions when you must prepare a meal without warning. Whether it's a simple supper, party fare or hearty family meals, Peck's can always help you out and help you to fame as a hostess and homemaker.

## Down comes the cost of Good Eating

Once you find how convenient it is to have a few jars of Peck's on hand . . . you're due for another grand surprise! With Peck's Pastes you can make lavish meals or tempting snacks without straining your budget at all! Peck's Pastes are so concentrated that a little goes a long way in adding flavour to ordinary fare, and guests and family alike will praise the savoury dishes you serve. There are dozens of delicious recipes, like the one on this page, to prove that, with Peck's for flavour, you can feast your family and yet reduce your food bills! What's more, Peck's Pastes are good for you, full of nourishing proteins, made from the finest quality ingredients.

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**TUNA • BEEF • VEAL, HAM & CHICKEN • BEEF, TONGUE & TURKEY**

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*THIS EFFECTIVE DESIGN is easily knitted by following the directions carefully. Sweater is for 28in.-30in. chest.*

# Sturdy sweater for young boy

**This long-sleeved sweater with zipper fastening neatly at the neckline will give delight and warmth to any boy.**

**Materials:** 10 skeins (1oz.) Lincoln Mills Triple-twist "Daphne" wool; 1 pair each No. 10 and No. 11 knitting needles; 1 zipp fastener 4in. long.

**Measurements** (to fit 28-30 in. chest): Length from top of shoulder, 17½in.; sleeve seam, 14in.

**Tension:** 7 sts. and 9 rows, 1in.

**Abbreviations:** Ntf., needle to front; k 3rd, knit third stitch on needle; k 1st, k 2nd, knit first and second stitches.

### BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 98 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 ribbing for 18 rows. Change to No. 10 needles and commence patt.

**1st Row:** P 2, (k 3, p 4) to last 5 sts., k 3, p 2.

**2nd and Every Alternate Row:** K 2, (p 3, k 4) to last 5 sts., p 3, k 2.

**3rd Row:** As 1st row.

**5th Row:** As 1st row.

**7th Row:** P 2, (ntf., k 3rd, k 1st, k 2nd, releasing all stitches together, p 4) to last 5 sts., ntf., k 3rd, k 1st, k 2nd, p 2.

**9th Row:** As 1st row.

**11th Row:** As 7th row.

**12th Row:** As 2nd row.

Rows 1-12 complete patt. Cont. in patt. until 76th row above ribbing is completed.

**Armhole Shaping:** Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows (88 sts.). Then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row following until 72 sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until there are 56 rows in armhole.

**Shoulder Shaping:** Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then 7 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows. Cast off remainder.

### FRONT

Work as for back until 88 sts. rem. (2nd row of armhole shaping).

**3rd Row:** P 1, p 2 tog., p 1, (ntf., k 3rd, k 1st, k 2nd, p 4) 3 times, ntf., k 3rd, k 1st, k 2nd, p 2, (k 1, p 1) 7 times, leave rem. 44 sts. on spare needle.

**4th Row:** (K 1, p 1) 7 times, k 2, (p 3, k 4) 3 times, p 3, k 2 tog., p 1.

Keeping continuity of patt. at side and a panel of 14 sts. in rib at centre, dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of every row until 36 sts. rem., and then cont. without further shaping until there are 33 rows in armhole.

**Neck Shaping: 34th Row:** Cast off 8 sts., patt. to end of row.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge of every row until 23 sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until there are 56 rows in armhole.

**Shoulder Shaping:** Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of 57th and 59th rows and remainder on 61st row.

Join wool at centre to rem. 44 sts. and work to correspond with side already worked.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 50 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 ribbing for 28 rows. Change to No. 10 needles and commence patt.

**1st Row:** K 2, (p 4, k 3) to last 6 sts., p 4, k 2.

Cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. at each end of every 6th row until there are 76 sts. on needle, and then without further shaping until there are 88 rows above ribbing (or length required).

**Armhole Shaping:** Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every 4th row following until 48 sts. rem., then each end of every row until 26 sts. rem. Cast off. Join shoulder seams.

### COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles, with wrong side of work facing and commencing at left front, pick up and knit 97 sts. around neck. Work in k 1, p 1 ribbing for 19 rows. Cast off in rib.

### TO MAKE UP

Join side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Press work and sew zipp into front opening.

# CARE IN PREGNANCY

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

ALTHOUGH having a baby is normally a perfectly healthy process there are certain danger signals that the expectant mother should know about. Rapid changes that take place in the body make many additional physical demands. Constant supervision by a doctor is necessary.

An expectant mother need not always be looking for danger signals. She will see them when they occur, and if she has been told about them she will know the importance of acting promptly.

These "beware signals" are described in a leaflet obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

A full chapter dealing with the subject, as well as other minor discomforts of pregnancy, is found in the third edition of "You and Your Baby," obtainable also at the above address. Price, 8/6 and 4½d. postage. Name and address must be clearly written in block letters.

# Our 1951 knitting book

**Here are two of the many attractive hand-knits you will find in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book.**

PACKED with the best Australian and overseas designs, the book shows you how to knit clothes for baby, teenager, matron, and man-of-the-house.

Now, of course, is the time to get busy with your knitting needles for the cold winter ahead. If you have not a quick eye for color or have not studied the latest color fashions, we have helped you by suggesting color schemes that are both attractive and smart.

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# 'HYPOL'

## PROTECTS AGAINST COUGHS, COLDS AND WINTER ILLS

Each winter brings its trail of Coughs, Colds, and Winter Ills, and these complaints, if not checked, can become a serious menace to health. Every precaution should be taken to avoid winter sickness, and the first and most important step is to build up bodily resistance. The most effective and safe way to do this is to start right away with your daily dose of 'HYPOL'. Don't wait till you have a cough or cold — let the natural and proved qualities of Cod Liver Oil build up your system to resist them.

'HYPOL' is a pleasant-tasting emulsion, containing pure, genuine Cod Liver Oil, and a tested balance of Sodium and Calcium Hypophosphites. 'HYPOL' will safely and surely build up your system to resist Coughs, Colds, Chest Complaints, and Winter Ills.

'HYPOL' can be given to a baby six months old, and can be taken by the oldest adult. 'HYPOL' is safe, and sure.

Don't delay, get your bottle of 'HYPOL' NOW from your chemist or store, and start yourself, and all the family, on that daily dose of 'HYPOL'. Beat Coughs, Colds and Winter Ills before they start—take 'HYPOL'.

**NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT 'HYPOL'**

28/4/51




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# Easy needlework pieces

**If you like pretty and unusual house linens you may like to make this supper-set and the novel centrepieces in easy applique.**

THE tea or supper set can be made in white or in any color you please. But the contrasting bias binding should match the easy stitchery.

On the other hand, if you use gaily colored braid for the tirmming the circles can be worked in harlequin colors.

For the 36in. square cloth and for 9in. serviettes, you will need 1¼yds. of 36in. wide linen or substitute, 11yds. bias binding or braid for the trimming, and embroidery cotton. Cut cloth to size, then cut remaining material in four for the serviettes.

Tack the binding flat on the right side with just its edges turned under on top of the seams of the cloth so that the raw edges are covered. Machine down each side. Now turn the cloth on the wrong side and sew bias along the outer edges, folding the binding right over to the right side so that it forms a decorative facing and not a binding. Machine it down and mitre the corners neatly.

Arrange the binding in position on cloth as shown in diagram A, tack and machine down.

Draw pencil circles round a sixpence in two opposite corners of the cloth, spacing the circles as in the picture, then work round the circles in chain-stitch (diagram B).

Face the edges of the four serviettes with the binding as for the cloth and embroider with a few chain-stitch circles in one corner of each.

If preferred, a small hem can be turned on cloth and serviettes, and a colored braid used in place of the bias binding.

## Centrepiece

FOR the centrepiece you require an 18in. square of linen or substitute, some scraps of green linen, gingham cretonne, and embroidery cotton.

Cut out a 3in. square of green linen and tack this into position in a corner of the cloth. Cut out the flower shapes in gay contrast and sew down on the green square with whipping-stitches.

Next couch down two lengths of thick cotton around this edge—green on the outside and the flower color on the inside. Work a satin-stitch centre to the flower.

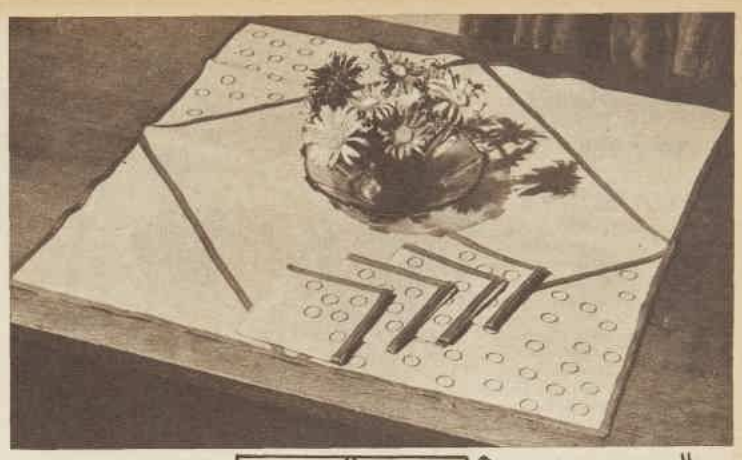
Cut out the flower-pot and tack on square about half-an-inch below flower, sew down with whipping-stitches. Couch down two lengths of cotton over the whipping-stitches, and couch green threads between the flower and pot for the stem and leaves.

Remove tacking thread from the green square and fringe edges right up to the flower motif in the centre.

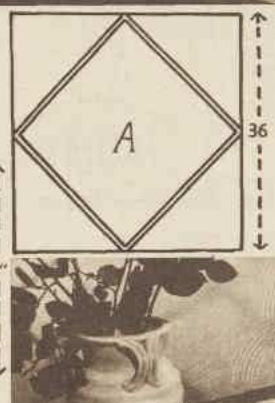
Work a row of two-color interlaced herringbone-stitch round edge in line with the top of flower-pots.

Fringe edges for about half-an-inch, drawing threads from each side very carefully. Now, using matching sewing cotton, oversew the edge of material very neatly to prevent further fraying.

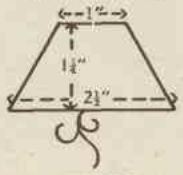
Press embroidery on wrong side.



*ATTRACTIVE SUPPER-SET, which is so easy to make. Diagrams A and B (at right) will aid you in the making.*




Appliqués to scale



*CENTREPIECE has novel applique—potted flowers in the gay modern style. Your scrap-bag will surely yield sufficient gingham and cretonne for the applique. Use the pattern diagrams for applique purposes. Place-mats to match would give you a superb set.*

## *Miss Precious Minutes says:*

TO CLEAN white felt hats rub gently with emery paper in a wide circle.

★ ★ ★

WEAR a soft pair of gloves to prevent snagging when putting on nylon stockings.

★ ★ ★

TO clean windows that are splashed with paint, wet a piece of steel-wool and it will quickly rub off. This method does not scratch the glass.

★ ★ ★

TO remove obstinate bottle top: Hold in hot, soapy water for a few minutes and the top will then unscrew quite easily.

★ ★ ★

TO remove a fresh scorch mark rub a silver coin over the area.

ADD a little starch to brassieres when washing and they will retain their shape longer.

*WASHING-DAY TIP: Put all the "smalls" into a pillow-slip, tie, and pop into washing-machine or copper.*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### Pattern for beginners

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F6403.—Smart skating outfit in plain and check dress fabric. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 54in. check material and 1½yds. 54in. plain material. Price, 2/6.

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F6417.—Classic winter suit. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/9.

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*SEND your orders for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your city. Or patterns may be obtained from our offices at: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne; 24-26 Halifax Street, Adelaide; The Examiner, 71-77 Paterson Street, Launceston; 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane; 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.*

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- *MORE TAPE! (180" of tape—an EXTRA 30")*
- *STRONGER! . . . greater breaking stress. Five-eighths of an inch wide instead of only half an inch.)*
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- *CLEARER for reading through.*

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# Fire Escape

*Continued from page 55*

BELINDA lowered her novel and looked at me, conscious that I had broken in but not of what I had said.

"Fire," I repeated. "Come on, there's no time to lose."

A good cloud of Miss Emery's smoke billowed in through the door.

Belinda dropped her book and followed me to the window, then stopped.

"But what about Emmy?" she asked. "Where's Emmy?"

"She went out, luckily," I fibbed.

"She did?" asked Belinda, peering through the smoke anxiously. "It's a funny thing, but I can hear noises in the kitchen."

"Of course you can," I said desperately. "Flames make noises." I put my hands on her shoulders and pushed her towards the window. "For pity's sake, Belinda, don't be mulish about everything all your life. Come on. We must get up aloft and warn Roddy."

I suppose I had made too much noise; anyway, Vincent suddenly appeared in the doorway.

"Vincent!" Belinda exclaimed.

"Mephistopheles!" I corrected. And he looked like it, making his entry in all those fumes.

I shrugged my shoulders. Miss Emery and I had lost. I walked towards the door to tell her. Then I noticed how Vincent was eyeing the smoke, how white he was and the perspiration beads on his face.

Suddenly he saw the fire escape.

"Come on, you people," he said, running forward. "Don't you know the place is on fire!"

His drawl had accelerated strangely: it was quick now and high and sort of squeaky. I expected he was going to sweep Belinda up in his arms and bear her to safety; and I groaned the groan of defeat.

But he didn't. He ran past her and started to struggle through the window.

Then who should appear but Roddy.

"Steady, old man," he said, scrambling into the room, bearing Vincent before him.

"Let me out, you fool," Vincent said, his voice dipping into a sudden viciousness. "Can't you see the place is on fire?"

A magnificent cloud of Miss Emery's smoke bore him out.

"Women and children first ——" began Roddy.

Vincent pushed and struck at him, knocking him to one side. He was half out of the window when Roddy's hands reached him. He took him by the jacket and dragged him back into the room.

"You fool!" shouted Vincent, hitting Roddy hard on the jaw.

"That's a game for two," Roddy grated.

And in a minute they were fighting like madmen. All round the room, over the chairs, I thought they would never stop. Finally they were rolling, punching and gasping at Belinda's feet. She watched with round, round eyes, then suddenly I saw her break into life. She grabbed a vase and whirled it high.

"Roddy, look out!" I shouted.

He twisted. Down came the vase. It smashed into little pieces on Vincent's head. Vincent lay still.

At that moment there came a great tramping of feet and Miss Emery rushed in, followed by policemen and firemen.

"Thank goodness I phoned you in time," Miss Emery breathed. "There might have been murder, not to say a gutted building."

(She told me afterwards that our pseudo fire had become a little too real.)

"Either or both, madam, with this customer about," said the police inspector, scrutinising the unconscious Vincent.

"Vincent Brown?" cried Miss Emery, an odd look of joy dancing into her eyes.

"Brown, my foot," the inspector said. "Vincente Brassatico. We've been looking for him for a month now. Thought he was abroad. He's one of the biggest arson men in the country."

"No wonder he was anxious to get away then," said Roddy, still breathing hard.

The inspector smiled.

"Last place he'd want to be found, near a fire." He motioned two constables. "Take him away," he said.

They work fast, firemen and policemen. In no time at all the firelet had been quelled, our names taken, and the police had withdrawn — with Mr. Brown, alias Brassatico.

"One can only admit he was very handsome, even unconscious," said Miss Emery, with an apologetic glance at Belinda. "But thank goodness he's gone—out of all our lives."

"And thank goodness you missed," Roddy said, looking also at Belinda and rubbing his head ruefully. "A woman glorying in her own efficiency, I suppose?"

I looked at Belinda myself, crossly.

"Yes, thank goodness," I agreed.

Belinda gaped at Roddy in the funniest way—almost as though she'd never seen him before.

"I—I wasn't glorying at all," she said. "Just frightened. And," she blushed, "I—didn't—miss."

Roddy took a step forward.

"You—didn't?" he asked incredulously. "Then—"

Belinda just nodded. And before you knew it that young man was spinning in his abyss again, more giddily than ever, but this time he had Belinda locked in his arms—or was he locked in hers?

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### *UNO Quiz Answers*

**Here are the answers to UNO Quiz on page 36: 1, United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organisation; 2, United Nations Food and Agricultural Organisation; 3, International Civil Aviation Organisation; 4, United Nations Korean Rehabilitation Association; 5, International Refugee Organisation; 6, United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund; 7, United Nations Scientific Conference on Conservation and Utilisation of Resources; 8, United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration; 9, World Health Organisation; 10, International Telecommunications Union.**

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